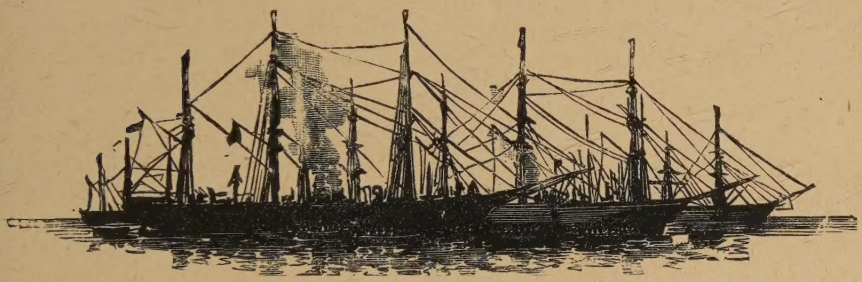
Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

III.—CYPRUS, EGYPT, THE SUEZ CANAL.



BRITISH TRANSPORTS EMBARKING TROOPS.

Britain guards jealously her highway to the East. No power in Europe will be allowed to menace that. Hence the importance of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and the Suez Canal. It was considered a brilliant stroke of statesmanship when Lord Beaconsfield made his treaty in 1878 with Turkey, whereby Britain took possession of the ancient island of Cyprus, and garrisoned it with Indian troops. This event was a demonstration of Britain's power and greatness to the whole world.

The Christian Advocate, of New York, one of the leading exponents of public opinion in America, wrote thus at the time of this transfer :

Last week Cyprus was an obscure island in the Mediterranean Sea, full of undrained marshes, and at seasons parched and suffering for water ; it was the northern possession of the Turk in the Mediterranean ; it was occupied by about 200,000 people, of whom 150,000 were Greeks, and the rest a conglomerate—Turks, Jews, English, Germans, Africans, and everybody else. To-day it is the centre of a great English-speaking Asiatic empire. The Union Jack floats from the summit of Olympus, 6,595 feet above the sea, where will be heard, not the thunders of Jove as of old, but the roaring of the British Lion for all time to come.

Cyprus is 140 miles long and about fifty miles wide at the widest point. It contains 3,678 square miles. It produces almost every variety of nutriment, and contains valuable deposits of the precious metals and of copper and iron. In the days of the old Phoenicians and Greeks it supported nine kingdoms. Under the blighting rule of the cruel, treacherous, butchering, indolent Turk the island has sunken almost into a wilderness, and has endured the pains of the lost.

Under the touch of Beaconsfield, it springs up out of the sea into unmeasured importance. In the hands of the Anglo-Saxons it will bear a crop richer than ever before. It has been enriched by the best blood of the Phoenicians, Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, and Turks. Since 1571, when it was taken by the Turks, it has been idle, and is now ready to bear a good crop of civilization.

England receives this island subject to the mortgage that Providence has placed upon it. She shoulders the responsibility with the prize.

Cyprus means a great deal. It makes the Mediterranean an English lake. With Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar in hand, this is no longer an open question. India is moved up under the guns of the British Isles. Western Asia is swung round where it can be protected by England. Egypt becomes an English province. Thus Cyprus, only an island like England, becomes the centre of new departures and of new empires. With British powder on Cyprus, to make good the advice of her ministers scattered over the Turkish empire, the thunderings from Olympus will make the earth tremble. We expect to hear Him speak who will also make the heavens shake.

The protectorate of Asia may be found to be an expensive dignity. It is sure to be criticised. The expense of men and money is provided for. The increase of value assessed in England to the income tax for the last twelve years, is from $1,652,903,645 to $2,451,724,530. And the successful employment of the Indian troops on European soil settles the question of men. True, these Indians are criticised as soldiers nearly as much as the coloured soldiers were criticised in this country; but English officers, discipline, weapons, and gold will, in time, settle all these questions.

Cyprus is sacred in Christian history. It is the home of Barnabas, who made the world ring with his eloquent pleas for the religion of the Prophet of Nazareth. It is the first spot touched by the great apostle to the Gentiles on his first missionary visit. It is the point from which went missionaries to Antioch. It is memorable by the miracle of Paul, by which "Sergius Paulus, a prudent man," was converted, and by which blindness fell on Elymas, the Sorcerer.

Shall not history repeat itself? The circle of the world is being completed. From this same Cyprus a new evangel is about going forth again into Greece, and into Western Asia. If we mistake not, the Anglo-Saxon Paul has cast a mist and darkness upon the Turkish Sorcerer for a season. He will go about for some one to lead him out of Europe. And all the prudent deputies, being astonished at what is done, will believe not only in Lord Beaconsfield, but also in the Lord of the universe who appoints the bounds to the nations.

It did our heart good on our recent visit to Cyprus to see the red-cross flag floating from the fort at Larnica and to see the British ships anchored in the harbour.

> "It seemed like a friendly hand,
> Stretched from one's native land."

We have so recently fully described and illustrated the island of Cyprus in this magazine that we pass at once to those more important keys of empire, Egypt the Suez Canal, and Aden.

Few vestiges remain of the architectural splendour of the Ptolemaic Alexandria. Where now, asks Mr. Eustace R. Hall, are the 4,000 palaces, the 4,000

CATACOMBS AT ALEXANDRIA.

baths, and the 400 theatres, about which the conquering General Amru boasted to his master, the Caliph Omar? What now remains of the magnificent Temple of Serapis, towering over the city on its platform of one hundred steps? Here St. Mark preached the Gospel and suffered martyrdom, and here Athanasius opposed in warlike controversy the Arian heresies. Here for many centuries were collected in this centre of Greek learning and culture, the greatest intellects of the civilized world. Here Cleopatra, "vainquer des vainqueurs du monde," held Anthony willing captive, while Octavius was preparing his legions to crush him. Here Amru conquered, and here Abercrombie fell.

It is not inaccurate to say that the existing harbour is the joint work of Alexander the Great and English engineers of the present century. It was originally formed by the construction of a vast mole (heptastadion) joining the island of Pharos to the mainland; and this stupendous feat of engineering, planned and carried out by Alexander, has been supplemented by the magnificent breakwater constructed by our own countrymen in 1872 at a cost of over two and a half millions sterling.

Pompey's Pillar owes its name to the fact that a certain prefect, named after Caesar's great rival, erected on the summit of an existing column, a statue in honour of the horse of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. This historic animal, through an opportune stumble, stayed the persecution of the Alexandrian Christians, as the tyrannical Emperor had sworn to continue the massacre till the blood of the victims reached his horse's knees.

The column is a singularly striking and beautiful monument, ow-

ing to its great height, simplicity of form, and elegant proportions. It reminds the spectator a little of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, and perhaps the absence of a statue is not altogether to be regretted considering the height of the column, as it might suggest to the irrepressible tourists who scoff at Nelson's statue as the "mast-headed admiral," some similar witticism at the expense of Diocletian.

The catacombs of Alexandria, which spread for a long distance along the seashore, are very extensive, and tourists are usually satisfied with exploring a part. There are no mummies, but the niches can be clearly seen.

Almost on this very spot where Octavius conquered, was fought the battle of Alexandria, which gave the death-blow to Napoleon's great scheme of founding an Eastern empire, and converting the Mediterranean into "un lac francais." The contest of 12,000 Britons with an equal number of French on the sands of Alexandria, in its remote effect, overthrew a greater empire than that of Charlemagne, and rescued mankind from a more galling tyranny than that of the Roman Emperors.

The railway to Rosetta skirts that bay of glorious memory, Aboukir, and as the traveller passes by those silent and deserted shores which fringe the watery arena whereon France and England contended for the empire of the East, he lives again in those stirring times, and the dramatic episodes of the famous battle of the Nile crowd upon the memory. So confident was Brueys, the French Admiral, in the strength of his position, and in his superiority in guns and men (nearly as three to two) over Nelson's fleet, that he sent that famous despatch to Paris, declaring that the enemy was purposely avoiding him. Great must have been his dismay when the English fleet, which had been scouring the Mediterranean with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of him, was signalled, bearing down unflinchingly upon its formidable foe.

Evening set in soon after Nelson had anchored. All through the night the battle raged fiercely and unintermittently, "illuminated by the incessant discharge of over two thousand cannon," and the flames which burst from the disabled ships of the French squadron. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever set sail from the shores of France, and morning rose upon a strangely altered scene. Shattered and blackened hulks now only marked the position they had occupied but a few hours before. On one ship alone, the Tonnant, the tricolour was flying. "And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Napoleon was checked, and his navy was annihilated. Seven years later that navy was revived, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for the obsequies of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as if his mission was then and thus accomplished."

As one approaches the entrance to the Suez Canal, the noble proportions of the loftiest lighthouse of the Mediterranean comes into view. Rising to the height of 164 feet, it is fitted with one of the most powerful electric lights in the world, its penetrating rays being visible at a distance of over twenty-five miles. Shortly afterwards the forest of masts, apparently springing out of the desert, informs the passengers of the near vicinity of Port Said.

The town is little more than a large coaling station, and it is of

very recent growth. It owes its existence solely to the Suez Canal. Along the shore may be still traced a few vestiges of the great highway—the oldest road in the world of which remains exist—constructed by Rameses II., in 1350 B.C., when he undertook his expedition for the conquest of Syria. It was on these shores that Cambyses defeated the Egyptians, and here, some five centuries later, Pompey the Great was treacherously murdered when he fled to Egypt, after the battle of Pharsalia.

To the south-west of Port Said, close to the wretched little fishing village of Sais, situated on the southern shore of Lake Menzaleh, are the magnificent ruins of Tanis (the Zoan of the Old Testament). These seldom visited remains are only second to those of Thebes in historical and archaeological interest. It is a little curious that while tourists flock in crowds to distant Thebes and Karnak, few take the trouble to visit the easily accessible ruins of Tanis. The ruins were uncovered at great cost of labour by the late Mariette Bey, and in the great temple were unearthed some of the most notable monuments of the Pharaohs, including over a dozen gigantic fallen obelisks—a larger number than any Theban temple contains. This vast building, restored and enlarged by Rameses II., goes back over five thousand years. Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy), declares that of all the celebrated remains he had seen none impressed him "so deeply with the sense of fallen and deserted magnificence" as the ruined temple of Tanis.

The Suez Canal is admittedly one of the greatest undertakings of modern times. It was emphatically the work of one man, and of one, too, who was devoid of the slightest technical training in the engineering profession. Monsieur de Lesseps cannot, of course, claim any originality in the conception of this great undertaking, for the idea of opening up communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by means of a maritime canal is almost as old as Egypt itself, and many attempts were made by the rulers of Egypt from Sesostris downwards to span the Isthmus with "a bridge of water."

IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

Most of these projects proved abortive, though there was some kind of water communication between the two seas in the time of the Ptolemies, and it was by this canal that Cleopatra attempted to escape after the battle of Actium. When Napoleon the Great occupied Egypt, he went so far as to

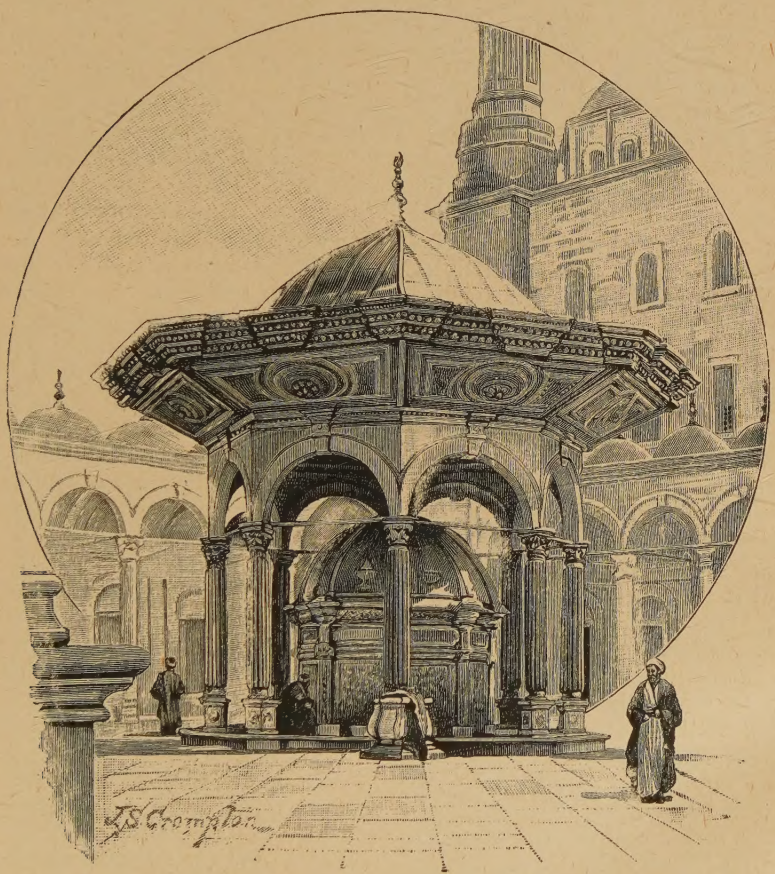
WATERING THE SOIL IN EGYPT.

appoint a commission of engineers to examine into a projected scheme for a maritime canal, but owing to the ignorance of the commissioners, who reported that there was a difference of thirty feet in the levels of the two seas—though there is really scarcely more than six inches—which would necessitate vast locks, and involve enormous outlay of money, the plan was given up.

The Suez Canal is, in short, the work of one great man, and its existence is due to the undaunted courage, to the indomitable energy, to the intensity of conviction, and to the magnetic personality of M. de Lesseps, which influenced everyone with whom he came in contact, from Viceroy down to the humblest fellah. This great project was carried out, not by a professional engineer, but by a mere

consular clerk, and was executed in spite of the most determined opposition of politicians and capitalists, and in the teeth of the mockery and ridicule of practical engineers, who affected to sneer at the scheme as the chimerical dream of a vainglorious Frenchman.

Technically speaking, the name canal as applied to this channel is a misnomer. It has nothing in common with other canals—no locks, gates, reservoirs, nor pumping engines. It is really an artificial strait, or a prolongation of an arm of the sea. We can freely concede this, yet to those of imaginative temperament, there are elements of romance about this great enterprise. It is the creation of a nineteenth-century wizard who, with his enchanter's wand—the spade—has transformed the shape of the globe, and summoned the sea to flow uninterruptedly from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean.



FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, CAIRO.

Then, too, the most matter-of-fact traveller who traverses it can hardly fail to be impressed with the "genius loci." Every mile of the canal passes through a region enriched by the memories of events which had their birth in the remotest ages of antiquity. Across this plain four thousand years ago

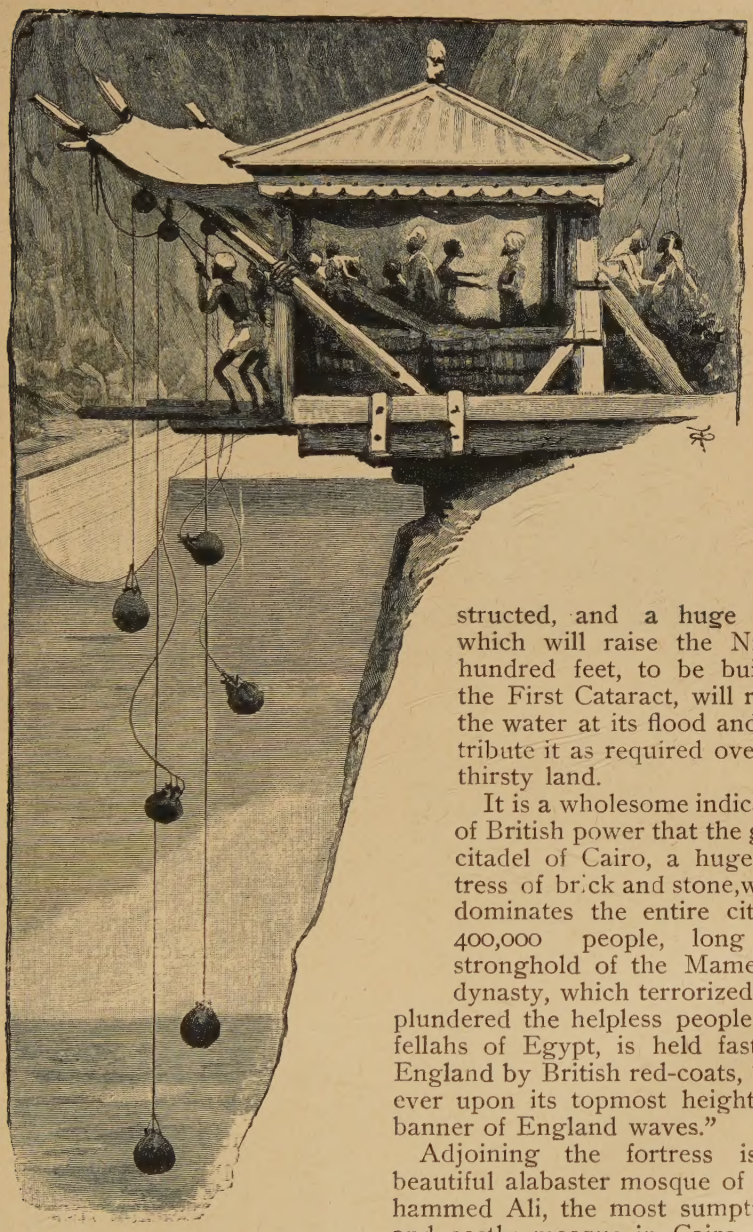
Abraham wandered from far-away Ur of the Chaldees. Beyond the placid waters of Lake Menzaleh lie the ruins of Zoan, where Moses performed his miracles. On the right lies the plain of Pelusium, across which Rameses II., led his great expedition for the conquest of Syria ; and across this sandy highway the hosts of Persian, Greek, and Roman conquerors successively swept to take possession of the riches of Egypt. In passing through the canal at night—the electric light seeming as a pillar of fire to the steamer, as it swiftly, but silently, ploughs its course through the desert—the strange impressiveness of the scene is intensified. "The canal links together in sweeping contrast the great past and the greater present, pointing to a future which we are as little able to divine, as were the Pharaohs or Ptolemies of old to forecast the wonders of the nineteenth century."

The sail through the canal is exceedingly monotonous. There is not much to be seen except high banks of yellow sand, with here and there a glimpse of the desert. We passed numerous dredges of enormous size, with iron spouts, about two hundred and thirty feet long, by which the excavated sand is conveyed far beyond the raised bank of the canal. I was surprised not to see more shipping. We only passed, in the whole afternoon, some half-dozen steamers, huge hulks, forging slowly along; but it looked rather odd to see, around a bend of the canal, their red funnels and lofty masts sailing apparently through the desert.

The length of the Suez Canal is about 100 miles, of which 75 miles are actual canal, while for 25 miles it passes through lakes, a portion of which afforded water of sufficient depth, but the greater part of which required dredging. The width of the canal, except at those places where it runs through high ground, is 325 feet at the surface and 72 feet at the bottom, and the depth is 26 feet.

The keen rivalry between the French and English in Egypt dates back, as we have seen, to the time of Napoleon, whose dream of oriental empire was shattered on the plains of Alexandria and at the battle of the Nile. In the article on England in Africa on another page of this Magazine and Review, we have briefly indicated the causes and results of England's present occupation of Egypt, which she regards as the key of the Suez Canal. The British, soon after its construction, recognized the importance of this new highway to India. They realized that it could not be left under the control of a possible enemy. British commerce soon obtained the overwhelming predominance in the use of the canal, being much greater than that of all other nations together. By a shrewd stroke of policy, the Beaconsfield Government bought up nearly the whole of the stock, which gave them practical control of the canal, and of the shortest highway to her India Empire and of her gigantic commerce with the Orient.

We have spoken elsewhere of the vast irrigation schemes of the British in the valley of the Nile. One of our cuts shows the primitive way in which from time immemorial the fields of cotton, sugar cane, and other products have been laboriously watered by the exercise of human muscle or by the ox or mule. For a thousand miles on the Nile, from the times of Moses and long before, many thousands of men have spent a large proportion of their lives in the wearing and monotonous



WATER TANKS AT ADEN.

toil of laboriously raising water in skin-buckets by a counterpoised pole, like an old-fashioned Canadian well-sweep. Now, great irrigation works have been constructed, and a huge dam which will raise the Nile a hundred feet, to be built at the First Cataract, will retain the water at its flood and distribute it as required over the thirsty land.

It is a wholesome indication of British power that the great citadel of Cairo, a huge fortress of brick and stone, which dominates the entire city of 400,000 people, long the stronghold of the Mameluke dynasty, which terrorized and plundered the helpless people and fellahs of Egypt, is held fast for England by British red-coats, "and ever upon its topmost height the banner of England waves."

Adjoining the fortress is the beautiful alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali, the most sumptuous and costly mosque in Cairo. It may, indeed, be designated the court mosque, for here the Khedive and suite and notables of Cairo frequently attend, and whenever they do, they pass through archways guarded by English sentries and beneath the British Union

Jack. In the courtyard of this great mosque stands the beautiful fountain shown in one of our cuts.

The possession of the important seaport of Aden, near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, gives Britain control of that important Key of Empire, and almost makes the Red Sea an English lake. It is strongly fortified and well garrisoned, and possesses the best harbour on the Arabian coast. Its situation between Asia and Africa resembles that of Gibraltar between Europe and Africa—the western warder of the Mediterranean. Its facilities as a coaling station, its abundant supply of fresh water and its excellent harbour, makes Aden an invaluable station on the way to India. It is said to be the hottest place on earth. The town is situated at the base of a volcanic mountain range which rises like a gigantic burned-out cinder eighteen hundred feet high. It has been held by the British for over half a century. The fresh water is kept in huge tanks, such as are shown in one of our cuts, from which the natives laboriously draw it in leathern bottles, as shown in the engraving.

The island of Perim, at the entrance to the Red Sea, is also a British possession.

Our initial cut shows the extraordinary facilities Great Britain possesses for moving troops to and from her Indian possessions. Her fleets of troop-ships, convoyed by her ironclads, can easily transport an army. Lord Beaconsfield startled Europe by landing ten thousand turbaned Sepoys from India on the shores of Cyprus. It was troops from India chiefly, that captured Magdala, the capital of Abyssinia. A strong Indian army could readily be landed, if needed, in South Africa.

Socotra is an important island near the entrance to the Gulf of Aden, 80 miles long and 30 miles wide. It contains an area of about 1,000 square miles and a population of 10,000, of various races. The surface consists, for the most part, of a table-land 700 or 800 feet high. It was annexed to Great Britain in November, 1886, and is capable of being strongly fortified and may yet be the Malta of the Indian Ocean.

The Kuria Muria Islands, four in number, near Socotra, also belong to Great Britain.

The Bahrein Islands are a valuable British possession in the Persian Gulf. They have a population of 60,000. The largest is 27 miles by ten. It has a good harbour, and two or three forts. Four hundred boats, of from eight to twenty men each, are employed in the pearl fishery, of which $1,500,000 worth were exported in 1892. The same year, 1,674 vessels, of 182,000 tons, with cargoes valued at $4,000,000, entered or cleared from the harbour of Bahrein.

Britain controls, too, Somaliland, an extensive maritime country on the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean, with a coast line of 1,200 miles and an area of 355,000 square miles, and a population of a million and a half.

Through her friendly relations with Italy, Britain could easily make point-d'appui of Suakim, an important port on the Mediterranean, and make use of it as a depot for troops and stores as she did during the late Soudanese war, when she had already begun to construct a railway from Suakim to Khartoum.

VENEZUELA.

The disputed boundary question in Venezuela has been so prominently before the world during the last month that we give herewith an illustrated account of that country, and in our department of The World's Progress, a map of the disputed territory.

The name of Venezuela (or little Venice) originated with the first discoverers of the large lagoon, or rather, gulf—for it is connected with the sea by a narrow channel—of Maraicobo, who noticed that the villages were built on piles in the midst of the water. A large part of the country consists of mountains, interspersed with vast llanos and wooded plains. With regard to climate, it is divided into three regions—hot, temperate, and cold. The first comprises all land of less than 2,000 feet above the sea; the second that between 2,000 and 7,000 feet; and the third all above 7,000 feet in altitude. The hot zone is by far the most extensive, and includes all the llanos, where the climate is tropical, and where large numbers of horses, cattle, mules, and donkeys are bred. The principal wild animals were at one time the jaguar and the puma, but they are now rarely met with. Tiger-cats, tapirs, and ounces are more common, and the forests abound in almost every kind of monkey.

The industries of Venezuela are not very important. There are rich gold mines on the Orinoco and elsewhere; but they are difficult of access. The gold-fields themselves have been officially described as "unquestionably the richest in the world." Coarse cotton-cloth, hammocks, and straw hats are the chief native manufactures.

Colonel Mansfield states that, although the public budget exhibits a favourable aspect, the general wealth of the republic is undergoing diminution. This he attributes to a great extent to the very low price of coffee, which has entailed heavy losses both on the cultivator and the exporter. The expense of transporting the coffee to the coast from the more distant estates is great, and until railway communication is opened between the interior and the various ports, it will be difficult for the Venezuela coffee-grower to compete successfully with his Brazilian rival. The cultivation of cocoa is a more profitable industry. The principal exports of the country are coffee, cocoa, hides and skins, certain kinds of wood—specially logwood—gold, silver, copper, and minium.

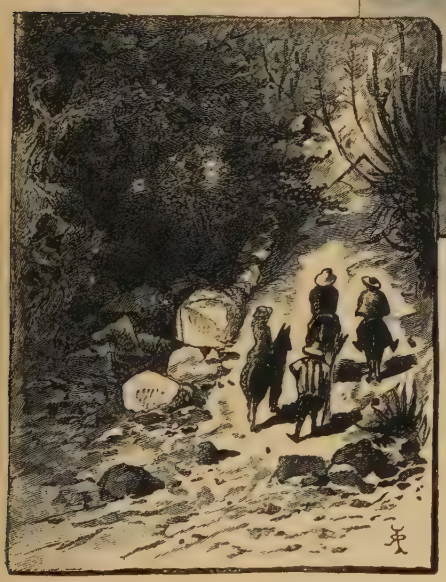
As in the case of most of the countries of South America, the population, which numbers a little over 2,000,000, is of a mixed character, and is composed partly of the aboriginals and partly of the descendants of the Spaniards and negroes, with many intermixtures and combinations, not one per cent. of pure blood. Some of the Indian tribes are still practically independent; others acknowledge the established government; while others, again, have become more or less civilized. About 35,000 foreigners are domiciled in Venezuela, of whom 11,500 are natives of old Spain, and 4,000 British subjects, for the most part of West Indian origin, and employed in the mining districts. The United States in 1881 were only represented by seventy-eight persons. The slave trade was prohibited in 1830, but it was not until 1854 that the slaves were finally emancipated.

LANDING-PLACE, LA GUAYRA.

Venezuela was for centuries a dependency of the crown of Spain; but in 1821, after a long war with the mother country, the independence of the colony was secured through the exertions of the liberator, Bolivar. At first Venezuela was united with New Granada and Ecuador, and formed part of the Republic of Colombia; but it is now an independent state, with a constitution modelled after that of the United States.

Mr. Burnett Laurance, the Venezuela consul in Toronto, makes the following statement :

" The people themselves have no quarrel with England. They like the English people, and the word of an Englishman is the most solemn asseveration you will hear, even among the natives. There is a very large trade between Venezuela and Great Britain, particularly in hides and coffee, and whilst most of the merchants there



ON THE ROAD TO CARACAS.

are Germans, most of the goods are English. The people of Venezuela themselves would pay little attention to the boundary question were it not for the efforts of President Crespo to create some political advantage for himself out of the situation and to direct attention from local dissensions by intensifying the importance of the international question.

"Venezuela has a population of over two million inhabitants, and not more than one hundred families of these are pure-blooded. The rest are a mixture of Spanish, negro and Indian, the proportion of Spanish blood being about one-sixteenth. President Crespo is a full-blooded Indian. The city of Caracas has a population of from 60,000 to 70,000 people. It has its street cars, its electric lights and its palatial hotels, and is almost European in appearance. It was nearly swallowed up by an earthquake in 1812, when 12,000 of its people were destroyed."

NEW GUN IN OLD FORT.

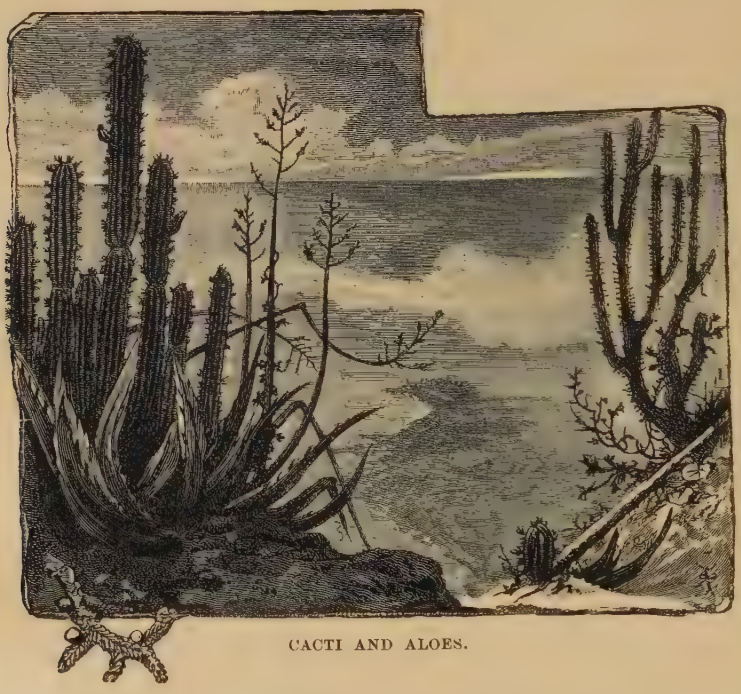
The disputed territory, lying between Venezuela and British Guiana, is about 25,000 square miles in extent. It contains some of the richest gold mines in the world. The Callao, one of the principal mines, has yielded millions of pounds sterling in a few years.

" I am convinced," says Mr. Laurance, " that the present government of Venezuela wouldn't last for a month were it not for the President's success in directing attention from the local issues that threaten to involve him in disaster."

Lady Brassey describes her visit to Little Venice and its capital, as follows. A part of her account, with some of the accompanying engravings, were several years ago given in this magazine, but the current interest in this subject is so great as to warrant the reprinting of part of her narrative :

A fiercely hot sun was tempered by a cool northerly breeze, which sent such heavy rollers on the cocoanut-fringed shore that it seemed more than doubtful if we should be able to land on our ar-

rival at La Guayra, where the surf is sometimes tremendous. We could see the little island of Centinella, or Sentinel Rock, early in the morning ; and as we approached nearer and steamed close along the coast of Venezuela, with its fine richly-wooded mountains, and little strips of cultivated sugar-cane and cocoanut palms, we were reminded vividly of the approach to Hilo, in Hawaii. The roadstead



CACTI AND ALOES.

of La Guayra was full of ships, including three large steamers, two English and one French.

I never saw water teeming to such an extent with life of every kind. Fish of all sorts and sizes swam close to us; while the patches of sargasso weed that floated past literally swarmed with them. In one of the Indian canoes which we passed we noticed a sort of sucking-fish (Echineis remora), which is used in catching other fish. Arrived at the field of operations, the fisherman lets go an anchor and puts the sucking-fish, attached to a long line with a buoy at the end of it, overboard. It sees other fish at a great distance, darts after them, and attaches itself to them by means of the sucker on the top of its head. The Indian easily raises his little anchor, paddles leisurely after the remora, removes the captured fish into his canoe, and repeats the operation until he has caught as many fish as he wants.

Soon a large boat, containing the harbour-master and custom-house and quarantine officers, came alongside. The rollers were not very formidable after all ; but still a good deal of delicate management was required in order to bring the boat alongside the wooden pier. The rudder was unshipped, and the men lay on their oars till a great roller took us in; when as many of the party as

had time to do so sprang out before the return wave swept the boat back. This operation had to be repeated five times before we were all landed.

In the town itself there was not much to be seen, though the view up to the hills behind was decidedly fine. La Guayra, like many other South American towns, is in a generally dilapidated condition. It contains two plazas, ornamented with bronze gas lamp-posts of the most modern approved Parisian pattern, some handsome trees and some pretty flower-beds. There are a few good shops in the very

VIEW OF CARACAS.

untidy tumbledown-looking main streets ; and the Hotel Nettuno, kept by civil Mrs. Delphine, is really not at all bad. It has nice, open, airy rooms and a pretty patio full of flowers. After dinner we made our arrangements for riding to Caracas, which mode of travelling we were assured would not take much longer than going by train. Then we returned on board in the big boat again ; for it was still rough, and re-embarking was more difficult than landing had been.

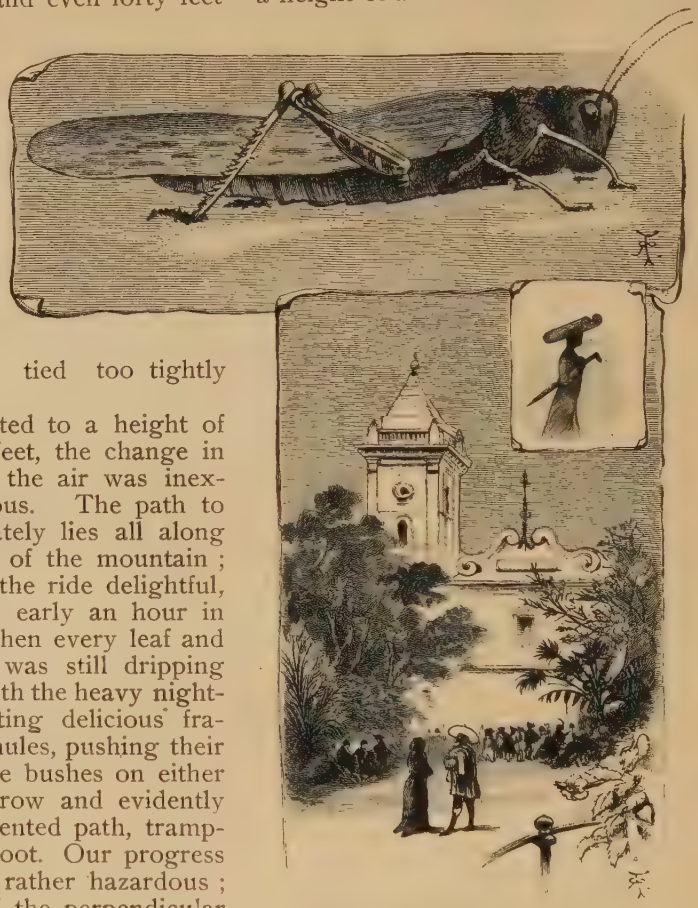
We rolled heavily all night, and I never felt much more sea-sick and altogether miserable than when I rose at 3 a.m. A little before five I heard with joy the sound of oars approaching. Our passage ashore was again rough ; and on arriving at the pier I utterly collapsed, and had to remain perfectly quiet for some time. Luckily, there was some little delay about the mules, saddles, and so forth.

In process of time most of the preliminary obstacles were overcome ; and we began to climb the narrow, steep streets of the town. The mules evidently did not at all approve of the excursion, for one or other of them obstinately stopped at every turning we came to, and either stood quite still, twirled round and round, or kicked furiously, according to the brute's particular temperament.

We had only an ambiguous kind of Venezuela muleteer as a guide, who did not know the road very well ; but at length we got really clear of La Guayra, and proceeded by way of the now dry bed of a mountain-torrent, past a little old fort, with small round towers pierced for arrows. This fort has been more than once practically demolished, but has been repaired again and again, a brand new gun being finally put on top to command the bay and the shipping at

anchor. Our upward path was a steep, rough staircase, the vegetation on either side of which chiefly consisted of mimosas and acacias of various kinds. The enormous cacti formed another striking feature in the landscape. Ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet high they reared their straight hairy angular stems, from which grew scarlet, white and yellow flowers, and branches which looked exactly as if they had been strangled by a piece of string tied too tightly round them.

As we mounted to a height of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, the change in the quality of the air was inexpressibly delicious. The path to Caracas fortunately lies all along the shady side of the mountain; and this made the ride delightful, especially at so early an hour in the morning, when every leaf and blade of grass was still dripping and glittering with the heavy night-dew, and emitting delicious fragrance as our mules, pushing their way through the bushes on either side of the narrow and evidently very little frequented path, trampled them under foot. Our progress was sometimes rather hazardous; for the edge of the perpendicular precipice on one side, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, was completely concealed by the abundant vegetation, which the mules occasionally stopped to eat. One could not think much about the danger, however, for the beauty of the scene and foliage increased at every step; and I simply let the reins lie on my mule's neck, and gazed around with wonder and admiration at the tangled mass of luxuriant verdure beneath our feet, above our heads, and on every side, as we wound our way upwards. Over our heads were grand trees, with stems rising clear from the mass of vegetation out of which they sprang, to a height of at least a hundred feet.

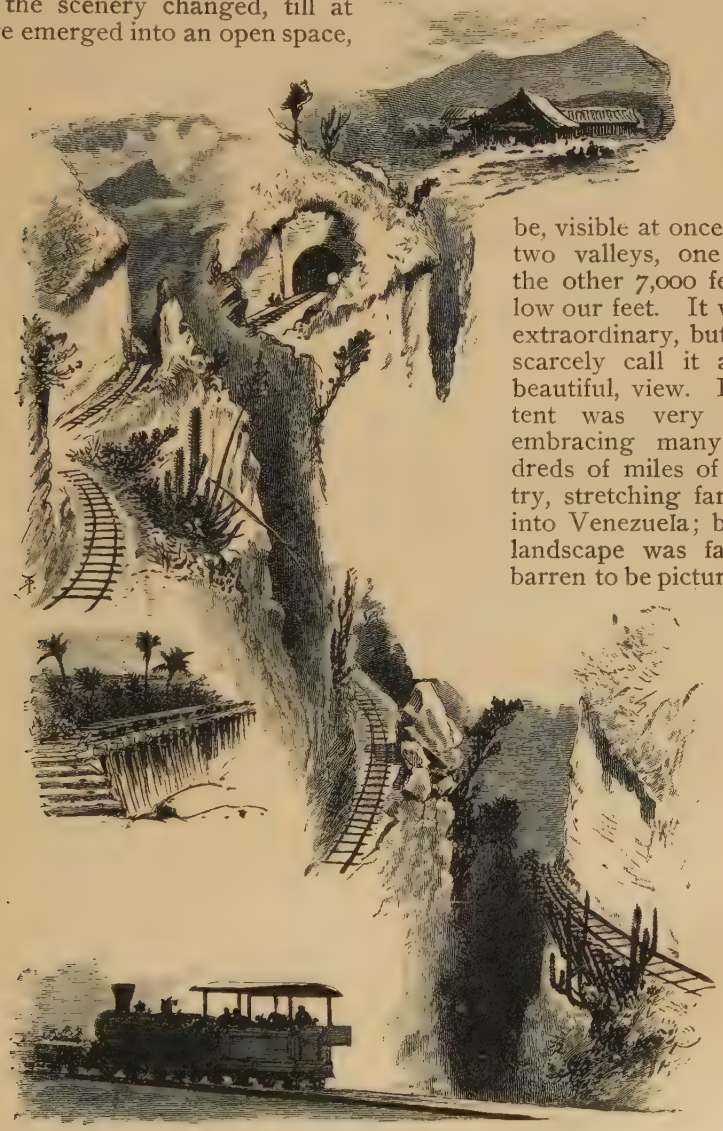


LOCUST, CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA.

We saw many specimens of the travellers' palm, each leaf of which, however dusty or arid may be the spot in which the tree grows, yields, when cut by the thirsty traveller, from half a pint to a pint of water.

We went on mounting, through plantations of fine coffee, protected by the usual "shade-trees," or

Madres-de-coco. Coffee will not grow in the valleys of Venezuela, but flourishes on the higher land of the mountains. At every step, now, the scenery changed, till at last we emerged into an open space, heard so much and had come so far to see. On either side Caracas or La Guayra, as the case may be, visible at once in the two valleys, one 3,000 the other 7,000 feet below our feet. It was an extraordinary, but I can scarcely call it a very beautiful, view. Its extent was very great, embracing many hundreds of miles of country, stretching far away into Venezuela; but the landscape was far too barren to be picturesque.



LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY.

planted with sugar-canes, bananas, sweet-potatoes, and other crops. Going along the neck of the pass, 7,500 feet above the sea, we arrived at the spot about which we had Caracas looked the very type of a South American town, laid out in square blocks, with streets, all running at right angles, of low, one-storied, white, stone-walled, red-

roofed houses. An occasional church or public building rose above the otherwise totally flat surface of the capital of Venezuela. From the spot whence we beheld this extensive view, the path made a rapid turn, and we began to descend rapidly, passing on our way through an enormous drove of grey donkeys, carrying packages of goods of all sorts, brought by steamers to La Guayra for Caracas. By the side of a stream at the bottom of the first hill, another large drove of donkeys, also heavily laden with barrels of wine and other commodities, were being watered.

In about an hour we reached another rest-house, from which point the descent was exceedingly rapid. The sun was scorchingly hot. Anything so fatiguing as coming down that break-neck, rocky, sandy staircase of a road I never experienced.

The entrance to Caracas is by no means imposing, the transition from the open country to the streets not being marked by any walls or gates. Our guide did not know his way in the least ; but, being far too proud to say so, he led us wandering all over the town until one by one the mules refused to move any further, and I insisted on asking the first respectable person that we met to direct us to the Hotel St. Amand. Here we arrived, quite exhausted. Colonel Mansfield, our Minister Plenipotentiary here, who had heard of our intended visit, and who called to see us at the hotel, insisted on carrying us off at once to his own house, where luncheon was hospitably prepared for the whole party, and where I need scarcely say how pleasant it was to sit down at last to a well-appointed meal in a deliciously cool room.

Caracas contains some good gardens, a cathedral, a church or two, a bull-ring, and, of course, a very fine Presidential Palace. It seems rather a discrepancy that the President of the Republic of Venezuela should receive £50,000 a year, while the President of the United States only has £10,000, and the Premier of England £5,000. The present President, Guzman Blanco, is said to possess a private fortune of one million. Three beautiful country-houses are maintained for him by the State, besides his residences at Caracas and a villa by the sea for the bathing season ; and altogether he lives in the greatest luxury and rules as the most absolute despot. One example of his arbitrary mode of government may be given. Soon after the railway between Caracas and La Guayra (in which he holds a great number of shares) was opened, he issued a decree that all vehicular locomotion on the excellent coach road, which had always been hitherto used, should be entirely stopped, thereby, of course, bringing grist to the railway mill, but throwing hundreds of people, with their mules and carts, out of employment.

The public gardens in the upper part of the city are tastefully laid out and planted. In these gardens the same din was going on that we had heard in the morning on the mountains, with a similar object—that of driving away an army of locusts. The ground was strewn with dead locusts, among which I picked up one of the largest specimens I have ever seen. We measured him on the spot, and found he was exactly four inches and a half long from the base of the neck to the tip of the tail. The bodies of these creatures are so full of grease that it frequently happens that they interfere with the working of the trains if they get on the line. It is astonishing how very few, when crushed, will make the

rails sufficiently slippery to prevent the wheels of the engine from biting, more particularly on a steep incline. To such an extent is this the case, indeed, that "Train stopped by locusts" is, I believe, not at all an uncommon telegram to be received at Caracas ; while the wages of the men who have to be employed constantly in keeping the rails properly sanded, form a considerable item in the annual expenditure of the railway company.

The capital of Venezuela is not a particularly interesting place, although it contains several spacious houses, besides at least eight churches, five convents, and a theatre. Its great recommendation is the healthy position which it occupies, in a valley at the entrance to the plains of Chacao, 2,900 feet above the sea. The climate has been likened to a perpetual spring, and is, on the whole, very delightful, but it has the disadvantage of being exceedingly variable. Still, the contrast between the atmosphere of this city and the stifling heat of La Guayra, only five or six miles distant as the crow flies, is something almost incredible. One great disadvantage, which Caracas shares in common with a great many other parts of South America, is the frequency of the earthquakes to which it is subject. On March 26, 1812, a terrible catastrophe occurred : nearly the whole of the city being destroyed, and 12,000 of its inhabitants perishing. It was Ascension Day, and the churches were crowded. Nearly four thousand people were killed in the churches alone. The barracks of El Quartel de San Carlos disappeared almost entirely, and a regiment of soldiers, drawn up under arms in readiness to join the procession, were all buried alive.

PEDRERA POINT.

The railway from Caracas to La Guayra is a wonderful piece of work—a real triumph of engineering skill over the difficulties of nature. I believe there is only one other like it, and that is somewhere in the Himalayas. It is a narrow gauge of three feet. The distance from La Guayra to Caracas, as the crow flies, cannot be more than five or six miles : but the line is twenty-three miles long ; which fact will afford some idea of the turns and twists which it has to make. The scenery is superb.

The curves of the lines are so sharp that, as we stood on the end brake, the engine looked as though it belonged to another train which was coming in an opposite direction and was about to run into us. It was a wonderful journey, through splendid mountain gorges, with valleys opening out from them at every turn. Sometimes the line scarcely seemed to run on terra firma at all, the rails being laid on wooden brattice-work, firmly secured against the sides of the mountain, with supports below like a sort of half-bridge, over what appeared to be a fathomless abyss. We crossed many mountain torrents, on real bridges, all built of wood, bratticed with iron; some of them very long, and all of course very narrow. In many instances the curves in the middle were so sharp that the carriages seemed to hang over as we turned; and it appeared as if one or two passengers too many on the same side might cause the whole train to capsize and topple over into the gulf below.

I was very sorry when the light first began to fade, then to die away altogether, and the brief tropical twilight came to an end, leaving us nothing but the light of the bright young moon and the stars by which to see the wonders of nature and the marvels of engineering skill. It really made one feel proud of the human race to see this triumph of mind over matter—man's ingenuity conquering nature's obstacles in this extraordinary manner. Perhaps, after all, though we could not observe so many details, the general beauty of the landscape was enhanced by being seen by moonlight. I never beheld anything grander than the mountains or lovelier than the glens, all sparkling with fire-flies, as we glided down the steep incline towards the glittering sea, where the long rollers were slowly tumbling in and breaking heavily, in a long line of broad white surf.

We arrived at La Guayra in an hour and fifty minutes after leaving Caracas; having come slowly over several portions of the line in order to be able to admire the scenery. The embarkation was almost as tedious as our landing had been yesterday; for only one person could jump or be thrown into the boat as it approached the shore on the top of each wave, and many of the party got wet up to their knees in the process.

The difficulty of communication between vessels and the shore, in what is called the chief port of Venezuela, may appear remarkable; but it must be remembered that La Guayra is a roadstead rather than a port. The sea is constantly agitated, the violence of the wind, the strength of the tide-ways, and the bad anchorage all combining to render it an unpleasant place for ships to visit. It is, morever, as I have already mentioned, a very unhealthy place; yellow fever and typhus being more or less prevalent throughout the year. It has no attractions of its own. Our sole object in visiting it was, of course, to make the wonderful journey to and from Caracas, and to see something of the latter city.

OUR PATTERN.

Sad it will be for us, if we say
  At the end of our task of life:
The colours that we had to weave
  Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stain'd
  The woof with bitter tears.
We wove a web of doubt and fear—
  Not faith and hope and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
  At our Pattern up above.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY THE REV. THOS. SIMS, D.D.

II.

To describe the marvellous history of this thirteenth century revival would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits. He who would learn how the Friars Minor (Little Brothers) multiplied and grew, how they spread from country to country, how they leavened the Church and disseminated the knowledge of the love of God for men, how they won back the multitudes to belief in Christ and the rejoicing acceptance of his Gospel, how at length the new liberty of the Spirit broke down the old tyranny of feudal law,—must read the story of St. Francis as told in the splendid monographs of Sabatier or Le Monnier. And then, alas ! if he would learn how this splendid devotion cooled, how worldliness crept into the Order, how it became rich, arrogant and corrupt, until the land was not able to bear it,—general history will enlighten him all too surely. For if the fire of the holiest devotion be not constantly replenished from its heavenly source, it soon dies down into the grey ashes of an unhallowed formalism, and the institutions it created in the days of its power become corrupt and mischievous. But as long as Francis lived he maintained the splendour of his early devotion. Many saints of surpassing spiritual and moral grandeur kindled their light, under God, at his lamp, and followed in his train. He was a burning and shining light and tens of thousands rejoiced for a season to walk in his light.

But though we may not follow the career of St. Francis step by step in this article, we may select for illustration some of the more salient qualities of his character and spiritual experience. Nor need we necessarily find any disadvantage in the restriction, for a life consists not in the succession of its events but in the qualities which compose it.

1. The most conspicuous quality in the life of this mediaeval saint was his devotion to Poverty. His generation worshipped wealth. The love of money cursed his age and corrupted Church and State. He personified and espoused Poverty. That any beggar should be poorer than he, aroused a spiritual jealousy in him, for Poverty was his bride and he her ardent lover.

One of his habitual prayers begins, "O Lord, have pity on me and on my lady Poverty. Behold she is seated on a dunghill, she who is the queen of virtues, she complains that her friends have despised her and are become her enemies." Money he would not touch. He enjoined total abstinence from money and property on all who were associated with him. His first convert, Bernard of Quintavalle, was a rich merchant. Under Francis' direction he sold all that he had, distributed the proceeds to the poor, and joined the saint empty handed. Others did likewise.

On one occasion a visitor at their poor abode left a sum of money surreptitiously. The brother who discovered it picked it up and laid it on the broad sill of the window. Francis took it very ill that he had touched it, and lectured him severely. Then he ordered him to take it between his lips, carry it out into the middle of the road and drop it on the first dung he could find.

So he taught him to value money. He was just as stern in his prohibition of all property. The only exception he allowed was the coarse suit that covered them and the few tools and utensils necessary for their work and the preparation of their food.

"The wise and prudent" of that day, both clerical and lay, protested against these extremes. They showed, as we also could show, that it was absurd, fanatical, and subversive of the social order to do and teach such things. But the fact remains that society was being consumed by the cancer of avarice, that Church and State were perishing together from the lust of gold, that Francis felt he had a divine commission to call men back to more spiritual conceptions by giving them an example of voluntary poverty, and that his example was effective in a degree that seems almost miraculous.

What lesson there may be in that to those who yearn for the coming of God's kingdom in the present, I will not undertake to say. Lust of worldly possessions would seem to be working as baneful results in the closing decade of the nineteenth century as in the corresponding decade of the twelfth. Our social system creaks like a distressed ship in a heavy sea by reason of the struggle for existence on one side and the accumulation of colossal wealth on the other. Surely "life is more than meat and the body than raiment,"—more than mountains of meat and stacks of raiment! Then, the Church surely owes to the world an example of godly simplicity. Ministers owe it to their people; the people owe it to each other; the rich owe it to the poor, and our distressed and sensuous age is not likely to be greatly improved until it is startled by some very conspicuous object lessons in the "faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

A second conspicuous quality in this remarkable man was the fervency of his zeal. We have already noticed that dating from the days of his earliest religious experiences he felt himself called to repair the church of St. Damian. When his father had disinherited him, depriving him even of his clothes, his ability to repair anything might seem to have come to an end. Not so did he consider. Going out into the market-place he proclaimed his purpose and begged for stones. "He who gives me one stone," he said, "will have one recompense, he who gives me two will have two recompenses, and he who gives me three will have three."

To see the once gay young Francis Bernardone begging for stones, promising to carry them away on his back, excited a variety of feelings. Some proclaimed him mad. Some derided him. A few perceived the principle by which he was inspired. But they brought him stones in quantities, and day by day he was seen carrying them off and building them into the walls. St. Damian's was restored. He then undertook the restoration of a second church, then of a third, and accomplished all.

Then he began to build with spiritual stones. First he preached in Assisi. Then he undertook short preaching tours. After Bernard of Quintavalle joined himself to him they travelled together. In a few days more the two had become four, all highly remarkable men. It was not long before the four were eight, and the eight twelve, and the twelve were travelling two and two preaching everywhere; by the wayside, in the houses where they were entertained; in the market-places of towns, occasionally, after a time, in

churches. So they missioned Italy, overflowed into Spain, France, England, were not unknown in Egypt, and had martyrs in Morocco.

These were the days of the Crusades. Francis seemed to have thought that converting the Saracens might promote the glory of Christ even more than slaying them in battle. Animated by this thought he visited Egypt, pleaded with the armies to forbear fighting, pressed his way into the presence of the Sultan and preached Christ to him.

But though he excited deep interest and won the respect of the Saracen his mission this time was a failure. The Malek-Camel offered him many presents, but declined to accept his Saviour. Presents were unwelcome to the man who sought for souls, but the saint and the Saracen each went his several way with mutual admiration.

The preaching of Francis was the simple, unpremeditated, fervent, joyful outpouring of a heart that was running over with love to God and love to men. He preached just the same to any labourer whom he might overtake on the road, as to the crowds that gathered round him in the market-place, and the effects produced were marvellous. His most ardent admirers confessed that when he had done they could remember scarcely anything he had said, but the man behind the sermon won all hearts. A sweet voice, "pleading tones, passionate gestures, forcible words," a touch of poetry, a beaming countenance, transparent sincerity and a heart on fire, would seem to be a fairly complete summary of the saint as a preacher. What the people felt as they listened made them capable of believing that he had power to charm even the birds, and many a delightful story is told of his love for and mastery over his feathered friends.

The story of his preaching before the Pope, Honorius III., is too beautiful and characteristic to be omitted. He had journeyed to Rome to solicit a special favour for the Order. Cardinal Ugolino assured him there was only one way by which he could win the Pope to grant his request, and that was to preach before him. Francis demurred, "I am nothing and know nothing." The Cardinal insisted, and at last Francis yielded.

"The august assembly met; all were in a state of expectation. Francis had carefully prepared his discourse, and had even, contrary to his usual custom, learned it by heart. But he had no sooner begun than his memory failed, he could not remember one word. There was a moment of anguish. The Cardinal Bishop of Ostia (Ugolino) began praying silently, that the simplicity of this man might not cause him to be despised. Francis humbly acknowledged his misfortune, then for a moment he recollected himself, and burst forth with living impressive words. The hearers were carried away at once. It was evident that it was not he who was speaking, but that the Holy Spirit was speaking in him. He seemed so entirely in the power of this divine Spirit that he moved his hands and feet as though he would take flight. But no one saw anything ridiculous in that, there was so much authority, wisdom, and depth in all he said. Gradually the audience were overcome with emotion. According to the expression of Celano, the old Cardinals were like mountains suddenly shaken to their foundations, many of them wept with compunction and admiration." No wonder that Francis got his request.

To his devotion to Poverty and

his fervent zeal, St. Francis added an abounding religious joy. Deep poverty and endless toil alone, would be a sad combination. But this man was one of the most joyful of any age. His generation was oppressed by a profound sadness, as a materialistic era must ever be. He had such an experience of the love and grace of God that he was always cheerful and often actually hilarious. In illustration of this two incidents must suffice, one selected from the commencement of his Christian career, the other from its close.

After that encounter with his father, in which he surrendered his last stitch of clothing to follow Christ, he felt the need of solitude for a few days, and retired to the great woods which surrounded Assisi. The bishop's gardener had given him a cast-off mantle, and arrayed in this he penetrated to the dark recesses of the forest. His heart was overflowing with love to Christ and he voiced his joy in exultant songs. His singing attracted some robbers who were in hiding, who rushed upon him and demanded to know who he was. "I am the herald of the great King," he said, "but what concern is that of yours?" At that they threw him into a snowdrift, saying, "Well, go in there, you poor herald of the good God." He struggled out after they were gone, happy at being called to suffer for God and went on his way singing louder than before.

Great sorrows smote him in his later life. He experienced and foresaw trouble for his Order. Excruciating pain tried him. Loss of sight threatened him. When darkness was closing in around him, his strength for a moment threatened to give way. Sending for a brother who had formerly played the guitar, he said, "It would be a great relief if thou could'st borrow an instrument and sing me a beautiful hymn." The brother objected that music in the convent might be a cause of scandal. Francis yielded, but the following night he lay awake meditating and praying. Suddenly the sound of a lute was heard playing a sweet melody. Francis was being serenaded, and as the sound of the music came and went he was so penetrated with the sweetness of the tones that his soul seemed absorbed in God and for a time he thought he had passed to a better life. So did religious joy triumph in him over pains that were an extended martyrdom. He died at the age of forty-five, but he never ceased to "abound in all joy and peace through the power of the Holy Ghost."

This paper on St. Francis would be inexcusably incomplete were it to close without some reference to the depth and breadth of the saint's affection. His love to God has been already indicated. "The first and great commandment" was fulfilled by him in extraordinary measure. The pronunciation of the Divine Name would frequently flood his soul with rapture. He would tear his single garment in twain and share it with any beggar on the street who asked alms in the name of the love of God. In his contemplation of Christ, as crucified for men, he was crucified with Him, and after his death his hands, his feet, and his side were found to be marked with calloused wounds corresponding to the nail-prints and sword-thrust of Calvary. Whether we explain these stigmata by referring them to fanatical self-torture, fraudulent imposition by Brother Elias, the influence of mental states on bodily tissue, or the intervention of miracle, there seems to be no reasonable doubt of their reality.

Flowing out from this rapturous love of God in St. Francis, was an ardent love for man. In a far truer sense than the noble Roman of

Terence's play he might have said, "I am a man and nothing that is of man is foreign to me." He loved the souls of men first and foremost, declaring, "We do not love Jesus Christ if we do not love souls, for whom He gave His life." In his dealings with the brethren who were so intimately associated with him, his love of souls shone out with peculiar lustre. Their moral character and spiritual life was ever his first care. But his love reached out into the regions beyond and there was no soul anywhere for whose comfort and salvation he was not willing and eager to labour and suffer. Nor was he indifferent to lower interests. The relief of the poor, the visitation of the sick, "the glory of his country, the struggle for liberty, domestic happiness, the charms of poetry, cultivation of the mind," all these had in him an ardent friend.

But quite unique was his love of the lower creatures. These were his "little brothers." The relations he sustained to them were of that confidential character which even lovers of nature are only occasionally admitted to. Animals and sometimes birds recognized instinctively that in him they had a friend. The flavour of mediaeval miracle-mongering attaches to the stories of his preaching to the birds, but all the same they reveal the love of the man for all sentient things. Notable among the compositions of the Middle Ages is his Hymn to the Creatures, which, as displaying his love for the world in which he lived, may be here inserted.

Most high, omnipotent, and good Lord,
Thine are praise, glory, honour, and every benediction;
To Thee alone they are due, and no man is worthy to name Thee.

Praised be God, my Lord, with all Thy creatures, especially our noble brother the sun, who makes the day, and illuminates us with his light. He is beautiful and radiant with great splendour. He bears Thy sign, O Lord.

Praised be our Lord for my sister the moon, and for the stars. Thou hast made them clear and beautiful in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for the air, for cloudy and for serene, and for all weather, by which thou givest sustenance to thy creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the water, who is so useful, humble, chaste, and precious.

Praised be our Lord for my brother the fire, by whom Thou dost illuminate the night, and he is beautiful, joyous, very vigorous and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, who nourishes and governs us, and produces diverse fruits and coloured flowers and herbs.

Praised be my Lord, for those who pardon for Thy love, and bear tribulations and infirmities. Blessed are those who endure in peace, for they shall be crowned by Thee the Most High.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from which no living man can escape. Woe to those who die in mortal sin; blessed are those who are found according to Thy Holy Will, for the second death cannot hurt them.

Praise, bless, and thank my Lord, and serve Him with great humility.

This Hymn to the Creatures was a prime favourite with the saint. The walls of the convent often rang with its strophes as Francis and his friars praised the "Father of All." In it he bade farewell to the outward universe while lying on the bed of death. His end was in keeping with his life. The evening twilight had begun to fall when a great number of larks settled on the roof and the sound of their twittering penetrated to the dying man's cell. At his request there was read to him from the gospel of John the account of the Lord's passion, beginning: "Now before the Passover, Jesus, knowing that his hour was come, that he should depart out of the world unto the

Father . . . having loved his own which were in the world he loved them unto the end." The reading over, he asked to be wrapped in a hair cloth, laid on the cell floor and covered with ashes. When this was done, they began to chant the One Hundred and Forty-Second Psalm. "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name," rose feebly from his lips, and "he was not for God took him." It was the third day of October, 1226. He had just entered on his forty-sixth year of life, and had completed twenty years of Christian service.

That the story of a life so truly wonderful should gather many legends about it as it passed down the centuries is not surprising. Many miracles are associated with the name of St. Francis. For the most part they only disfigure what they were intended to embellish. This sketch has passed them by. The aim has been to present the historical Francis of Assisi. "Consider how great this man was" and be sure that "God has never left himself without a witness" in any age. There have been "dark ages" but saintly men and women have moved to and fro among the shadows; lights shining in dark places; pledges of a happier time when the day should dawn and the shadows flee away.

FROM FAR FORMOSA.*

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

This is a most opportune book. It adds a new and thrilling chapter to the modern Acts of Apostles. It rebukes the ignorance which sneers at the futility of Christian missions. It provides an excellent tonic for the man whose faith in the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation has grown weak. It will stimulate the zeal of those whose missionary ardour has begun to cool. It will reassure those who are questioning within themselves as to the necessity of sending the good news of the New Testament to nations possessing the teachings of ethnic religions. And it will correct the gloomy judgment of the pessimist, who believes that true heroism, fidelity and zeal disappeared with the close of the third Christian century.

Of no men of the present half-century has Canada better reason to be honestly proud than of George Leslie Mackay. The Presbyterian Church has done few things upon which her membership may reflect with greater satisfaction than the sending, at his own earnest request, of this hardy Scotch-Canadian to the far-away field, where for nearly a quarter of a century he has rendered such splendid service to Christ, the Church and humanity.

Formosa, we may remind our readers, is a tropical island lying off the east coast of China. A channel, varying in breadth from eighty to two hundred miles, separates the island from the province of Fu-Kien. The waters of the Pacific Ocean wash its shores on the north-east and south-east.

* "From Far Farmosa: The Island, Its People and Missions." By George Leslie Mackay, D.D., twenty-three years a missionary in Formosa. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. With Portraits, Illustrations and Maps. Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto. $2.

Dr. MacKay, Mrs. MacKay and Family

Some two hundred and fifty miles in length, with an average breadth of about fifty miles, its area is nearly one-half of that of Ireland. The surface of the island is broken by forest-clad mountain ranges, which occasionally reach a height of fifteen thousand feet. Its climate is pronounced "excessively trying to foreigners." Flowers bloom from January to December, but the perpetual and rapid growth is accompanied by an equally rapid decay, out of which springs the deadly foe, malarial fever. So fatal is the climate to the health of most foreigners, that the solution of the missionary problem in Formosa seems to lie in the employment of a native ministry. The island is so situated as to be exposed to the dreadful typhoon, which, sweeping over the Malay Archipelago and the Philippine Islands in its northerly course to Japan, leaves everywhere behind it the evidences of its terrible power.

The history of Formosa is not easily ascertained or at all satisfactory. Dr. Mackay regards as well founded the Chinese claim to have sent an envoy to the island during the Suy dynasty, overthrown in 620 A.D. Its first European visitors were the Portuguese, by whom the name Formosa was given. "Sailing along the east coast, their brave voyagers, sighting the green-clad mountains with peaks piercing the scattered clouds, cascades glimmering like silver in the tropical sunlight, and terraced plains waving with feathery bamboo, exclaimed with glad surprise, 'Ilha formosa, ilha formosa!' ('Beautiful isle, beautiful isle!')" In 1887 Formosa became a Province of the Chinese Empire, but as a consequence of the recent war, was ceded to Japan in 1895.

It was to this beautiful island of the sea that Dr. Mackay was brought by the direct leading of the Holy Spirit, as he justly believed, in 1872. Tamsui, a port of North Formosa, was selected as the missionary headquarters. His dwelling was a Chinese house intended for a horse-stable. Into this filthy house, containing but one floored room, and so situated that it could never be healthy, for which a rental of fifteen dollars a month was charged, he moved his furniture—two pine boxes. Having thoroughly cleansed it, he then by the light of a lamp, the gift of a Chinese, and sitting on a chair, which with his bed was borrowed from the British consul, wrote the following significant words in his diary, under date of April 10, 1872:

"Here I am in this house, having been led all the way from the old homestead in Zorra by Jesus, as direct as if my boxes were labelled, 'Tamsui, Formosa, China.' Oh, the glorious privilege to lay the foundation of Christ's Church in unbroken heathenism! God help me to do this with the open Bible! Again I swear allegiance to thee, O King Jesus, my captain. So help me, God!"

A study of the ethnology of Formosa soon taught the missionary that, excepting the few foreigners from Europe and America, the inhabitants belonged to either one of two great races, the Malayan, under which division the aborigines are to be reckoned, and the Mongolian, comprising the Chinese settlers. There is no mixed race, inasmuch as the Mongolians and aborigines have not mingled to any marked extent, and of the two races the Chinese are easily first in numbers, intelligence and influence. What effect the recent political change, brought about by the war of 1894-5, may have upon

the racial life of Formosa, time alone can tell. The Chinese are known as the Hok-los, the large majority of whom emigrated from the Fu-kien province, and the Hak-kas, or strangers, descendants of a tribe originally from North China, who having settled for a while in the Canton province, afterward emigrated to Formosa. The aborigines, whom the Chinese call barbarians, are variously known by names which indicate the parts of the country where they live, and the measure of submission or resistance with which they have met the advances of their Mongolian adversaries. The three million Chinese upon the island have crowded the aborigines further and further back, treating them much as the Indian has been treated by the white man upon this continent. The dominant race is marked by the same prominent characteristics exhibited in the Empire of China, and which have become so familiar to us in the last few years.

The government of Formosa, under Chinese rule, illustrates the Scriptural doctrine that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Official corruption is almost universal. Money is all powerful in defeating the ends of justice. Modes of punishment are heartless in the extreme. Occasionally a general judicial house-cleaning will occur and unjust magistrates receive the reward of their deeds, but no permanent improvement seems to result. In dealing with the general question of government, our author corrects an error which is common even amongst well-informed people. The cue, he tells us, was one of the "reforms" introduced by Sun-ti, the first Emperor of the Tartar dynasty. It is the badge of loyalty to the Emperor, the "old flag" of the Chinese Empire, and its absence would endanger one's life. Contrary to the general impression, the cue has no religious or superstitious significance, and self-respecting people in the West should obliterate from their speech offensive references to the "pig-tail," without which the Chinese "is a traitor and a rebel."

The social life of the Chinese in Formosa so nearly resembles the social life of this interesting people within their own Empire, that we need not linger over our author's graphic account thereof, but pass at once to note some of the features of the religious life of those amongst whom the young missionary began his labours twenty-four years ago. Dr. Mackay found a nation of idolaters. Possibly the idolatry of Formosa is less unyielding than that of China, but the heathenism of the beautiful island "is the same poisonous mixture, the same dark, damning nightmare."

The religion of Formosa is the result of the gradual commingling of conflicting creeds: Confucianism, "a system of morality, with its worship of heaven, its deification of ancestors, and its ethical maxims;" Taoism, "a system of demonolatry," and Buddhism, "a system of idolatry, with its shrines and smoking incense." The compound extracted from these three, has the effect, Dr. Mackay being the witness, of "degrading the intellect, defiling life, and destroying all religious sentiment."

The real religion of the Chinese is to be sought for in the worship of ancestors; the ancestral tablet is their real idol. The form of worship is built upon the belief that each man has three souls, one of which goes into the unseen world of spirits, the second into the grave, while "the third hovers about the old homestead." To the priest is committed the charge

of the first ; but to the living relatives the care of the second and third is entrusted. The grave is venerated that the second soul may be duly protected ; for the third, the ancestral tablet, a narrow piece of wood, about a foot long, two or three inches wide, and half an inch thick, is provided. Into this the soul is invited to come, and this tablet becomes the most sacred treasure of the home. The eldest son is the household priest who offers sacrifice to it ; hence the longing for male children, and the bitter disappoint-

Bound for the Ki-lai Plain.

ment, often leading to great social misery, if none but daughters are born into a home.

In this ancestral worship, with all its corruptions and errors, the missionary found something to admire. Instead of denying it, he utilized it as an "Open, Sesame" to the hearts of his hearers, tracing the kinship between this creed and the Divine Word, "Honour thy father and thy mother." But even while admiring its better side, and utilizing it as the preparation for a nobler doctrine, the Christian teacher has every reason to fear it. "This venerable cultus," says our author, "is indeed the most stubborn obstacle Christianity has to face. It is so engrained in the nature, and appeals so touchingly to the heart, that it requires the strongest conviction and the finest moral courage to break its thraldom and brave the scorn of friends and relatives, to whom neglect of one's ancestors in the spirit-world is the most inhuman and cruellest of crimes."

The story of the beginnings of mission work in Formosa is strikingly similar to the story of the beginnings of the first Christian Church in apostolic times. The missionary's first problem was how to master the difficult language of the country. He had conquered the eight tones of the Formosan dialect, and learned a few words before reaching the island. But what were these among so many? Without a teacher or books very useful to a beginner, he was driven for help to his Chinese servant. But, alas! the servant proved a broken reed, for Dr. Mackay's persistent efforts to acquire a vocabulary seeem to have driven the poor man to desperation and eventually to desertion. Seeking to enter into conversation with boys herding water-buffaloes, he was at first repelled with the cry, "Foreign devil!" and then forsaken by those whom he desired to approach. Subsequent efforts at conversation were more successful, however, and the dogged energy characteristic of his ancestry stood him in good stead, and helped him in the end to win the victory.

Before reaching Formosa, or entering upon his work as a missionary, Dr. Mackay had been much in prayer that his first convert might be an intelligent and active young man. That this prayer was inspired of the Holy Ghost seems certain from the way in which it was answered. One forenoon just such a young man visited the missionary, and after general conversation, accepted an invitation to return that evening. He came a third time in a few days, bringing with him a graduate of note, who questioned the missionary closely. A battle with the literate began, out of which Dr. Mackay came victorious. One result of these conversations was the conversion of this intelligent young man, who "became a Christian, a student, a preacher, and to-day, after twenty-three years of trial and testing," is still "the chief among the native preachers, the man to whom, more than any other, the care of the sixty churches in the mission in North Formosa falls. His name is Giam Chleng Hoa, better known as A Hoa."

The second convert was a painter, who had at first disturbed the Christian services, but afterward, by his consistent Christian life, opened the door of his home to the incoming of the missionary, through whose agency the whole family entered into light, the painter becoming a preacher and his mother a Bible-woman. And so from small beginnings the work grew until its present splendid proportions were reached.

Though Tamsui was the mis-

sionary's headquarters, it was by no means the only object of pastoral care. The island was his parish, and he soon carried the good news of salvation into the regions beyond. Our author lets us into the secret of his heroic self-sacrifice and gives worthy prominence to a great truth in the following paragraph :

" Christianity is not a system of philosophy that may be taught, but a life that must be lived. The religion of Jesus is distinguished from all other religions in its incarnation. Its power is the power of a divine personality. It is propagated by personal contact. Christ gives life to men, and then says, ' As the Father sent me, even so send I you.' Every Christian is a missionary. He may have been nursed in the lap of Christendom and trained in a luxurious religious home, or he may have been a pagan and ' suckled on a creed outworn.' It matters not. If he has been ' born again,' and feels the throb of the Christ-life, he is a missionary sent by the living Christ to touch dead souls to the newness of life. This primary truth needs heavy emphasis, for there is everywhere perpetual danger of its being neglected. The far-sweeping purpose of the election of grace is being ignored, and the churches are crowded with people whose largest thought of salvation is that their own souls shall be cared for. Not until Christianity is not only believed, but lived, will the churches at home or in heathen lands become the power the Master meant them to be."

In harmony with this doctrine, Dr. Mackay has carried the message of life into all parts of Formosa. Space limits forbid our following the heroic missionary in his apostolic toils and journeys. He has proved his apostolic succession, not only by his apostolic successes, but by the apostolic difficulties and dangers met and surmounted. " In perils often," he has persevered in his Christlike labours, until to-day sixty chapels, under the charge of sixty native preachers, stand as a testimony to the power of the Gospel to repeat the triumphs of the first century. The report of 1895 shows, in addition to the above, a native membership of nearly 1,800, of whose fidelity and purity under great temptation and severe persecution the missionary speaks in strongest terms. These natives have proved themselves worthy of the love of the churches by their generosity, as is seen in their gifts of some $2,400 for mission purposes. Colleges and schools, for the training of the native missionaries and the furthering of the educational work of the Church, have been established.

Dr. Mackay views the political change, by reason of which Formosa is now under Japanese control, without alarm. " We have no fear. The King of kings is greater than Emperor or Mikado. He will rule and over-rule all things." The past is reviewed with gratitude and the future is faced with holy confidence.

We counsel the readers of The Magazine and Review to read this book. This article has only hinted at its wealth of inspiration and information. The publishers have done their part exceedingly well, and the missionary literature of this decade is enriched by the story of Dr. Mackay's toils, perils and successes in " Far Formosa."

Montreal.

"OLD TRUSTY."

BY E. DONALD M'GREGOR.

Very often when I saw them together, I would find myself thinking of David and Jonathan. To be sure John Walker and Peter Powell were both of them old and gray-bearded, and their faces bore a host of tracks left by the feet of the years, but their souls seemed knitted together, and like those youthful friends of Bible days, "they two made a covenant before the Lord."

Sunday after Sunday they came together to the sanctuary, and instead of sitting in their respective family pews, they walked arm and arm to a tiny seat, just apparently made for a David and Jonathan, and the two old friends, after stowing away each other's belongings, (for John always put away Peter's wraps and Peter did likewise for John), would stand silent for a second or two, and then down they would sit with a studied cautious grace. They realized it not, but it was their utter unselfishness that made them each determine that not one extra inch of room should be unfairly claimed.

For ten years they had read together from the same large-print Bible. John always found the chapter in the worn old Book, and when the hymns were announced, Peter would turn up the number, and together these old men of more than threescore and ten years, would "sing unto the Lord."

Their enjoyment of the sermon was likewise a kind of joint-stock concern. Peter usually emphasized any point that struck home to his heart, by clapping John on the nearest knee. This always happened to be the left one, for John's place was on the inside of the pew. A return volley from John never failed to stroke Peter's right arm, and so turn about, with sometimes an "Amen" thrown in, the two friends exchanged feeling remarks on the minister's discourse.

After service John drove Peter home. Old "Nell," the bay mare, who for more than twenty years had pulled John Walker through the world, seemed to have caged up in her old bones a quarter of a century's grit and go. She always stopped at Peter's stone tie-post, quite as though it were a favour for her to shut off steam for even ten minutes, and John and Peter felt that their remarks must in consequence be very brief. For many years they had followed a kind of closing responsive service, that went something after this fashion :

"When will ye's be a comin' over my way, John ?"

"My rheumatiz is bad, Peter, an' it seems like a good ways over, but I'll hear o' ye's every day."

"Yes, yes, an' how's Old Trusty a-keepin' ?"

"Why, the old chap's as spry as ye'd like to see."

"Well, have a care to that rheumatiz, John."

"An' take keer o' yerself, Peter."

Just at this point in the service "Nell" invariably switched her tail over the reins, and John and Peter felt that further conversation would be superfluous.

Thus for years in this homely, tender fashion had this friendship grown and strengthened.

I can't tell you when it began, unless it was on the day when two hearses went down the road together to the cemetery, and two

men thought of their wedding days. John and Peter had been neighbours for years, but that day they rode home together. They somehow felt that their graves were the newest, and that the people who owned older graves couldn't be supposed to understand. The next Sunday they hesitated as they stood before the pews where "mother" used to sit, and then by a common impulse, they turned aside, and never again did they either of them go near these vacant seats. "Old Trusty's" part in this friendship was not a small one. On the day when the two new graves were made, he had followed John and Peter, and their hearts were so lone and empty, that even a dog seemed to fill a bit of the hideous gap.

"He's a smart young collie," said John, "an' Peter, you'd best take him, till someone comes for him."

While he spoke he fondled the dog, and the animal seemed to understand, as animals often do, that sorrow was nigh. He did not jump or wriggle with delight. He merely wagged his tail, and looked with his soft, brown eyes, a full measure of blessed sympathy.

"He looks like as though he knowed how things was," Peter said, wonderingly. "But no, I'll not take the beast. You have no women-folk, and I have Maggie an' Sallie Ann. He'll be a bit o' light, this dark night, an' by morn, most like someone'll come an' fetch him away."

So that dreary night a collie dog sat by John Walker's side, and when he turned out the lights, and went upstairs, every step seemed to creak, and he would have shivered but for the dog's soft patter close at his heels. They breakfasted together the next morning, and when John carried back to the cellar shelf some of "mother's" head cheese, and a part of a pie that he remembered seeing her print with her finger only last Saturday, he was glad he wasn't alone.

"It's lonesome without her, old fellow," he said, with a sob in his voice, and then he took down from the shelf the old family Bible, and the dog sat just in front of him and looked up into his face.

"Let not yer heart be troubled," he read aloud, but the very consolation seemed a reminder, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned—

"But, oh, she's dead !"

This Christian infidelity of speech seemed to fall strangely upon even the dog's ears. He whined uneasily, then putting two great shaggy paws upon John's knees, he poked his nose right up into John's face, his every movement seeming to be a wondering protest.

"Well, maybe not dead, old fellow, but, oh, she's gone, anyhow," and for just that lonely hour the difference between dead and gone seemed to John Walker a very slight one.

That afternoon the collie dog carried a note across the valley to Peter's house. John had found rare consolation in a bit of Bible truth, and at once he thought of Peter and his sorrow.

"Some passin' neighbour's team will take a word for me," he said, and then in his queer old-fashioned hand, he wrote :

"Dear Bro. Peter—Read John xiv. 18. Your brother in sorrow, —John."

No sooner did the dog catch sight of the note, than he intimated as plainly as a dog could, that he would attend to the matter.

"Maybe someone has learned you," John said, wonderingly. Then he added, with a shake of his head, "but I'll never be a-trustin' my business to a dog."

Nevertheless, after a time, in pure self-defence, he gave up the note.

"Just to quiet yer fuss an' noise," he said.

And then down the poplar-rowed lane, and through the glinting September sunshine, went the old man, and by his side trotted a collie dog, with a scrap of paper held right proudly in his mouth.

"Yon's the place, sir," and John pointed a mile across the pretty valley to the only house that was to be seen.

The collie gave one inquiring look up into his face, then with a delighted whine he was off. A half an hour later he returned with another note in his mouth, and John patted him on the head, and called him "Old Trusty."

This was the small beginning of a regular postal service between Mountain Top and Valley Farm. Sorrow ripened into friendship, and from occasional messages it came to pass that no day was complete unless John and Peter had exchanged a few written words of counsel, cheer, or warm-hearted greeting.

Trusty fell into his position as mail carrier, quite as though he had fully qualified for his responsible work. Very honestly did John advertise the dog, and just as honestly did he hope that failure would crown all his conscientious efforts. He even went so far as to introduce into his morning prayer a fervent "Lord, let me be a-keepin' Old Trusty, if things can be made anyways to work that way." And I am not going to say that God didn't answer that prayer. I incline to the belief that Trusty was one of the King's messengers, and that he was definitely and surely "sent" to both John and Peter. At any rate no one laid claim to his wise young dogship, and as the years went by, John and Peter learned to stoutly believe that "he knowed a great sight more'n harf the two-leg folk, as made a deal more fuss."

I am slow to reach the heart of my story. Rather would I linger round "Old Trusty," patting his dear old head and looking into his honest brown eyes. There are no shadows round his corner—just everlasting sunshine, and a steady goodness unmarred by any theological "fall."

But life for us folk who "know" that we reason, is neither all sunshine nor all goodness, and so it comes that those of us who send forth a story message, can't always erase the cloud, the sorrow, the sin.

So far as I have been able to discover, the real bone of contention was a very insignificant affair. Just a rusty old logging chain—but the results were fearfully Biblical. Straight from the realms of darkness came the Prince of Darkness himself, and with that clanking, comparatively valueless chain, he bound the souls of John Walker and Peter Powell to himself. From being deacons in the church at B———, they came to be servants of the Prince of Devils.

Most people did not know that they had transferred their membership, and I am not sure that you would have recognized them as clad in the livery of the Prince. Regularly every Sabbath day they went to church, and though John sat on one side of the building, and Peter on the other, they apparently entered as heartily as of old into the service of the sanctuary. When John would fervently ejaculate "Amen," Peter would usually follow it up with a still more fervent —"Praise the Lord," and there were unfortunate occasions when both men hit upon the same moment for a genuinely religious groan.

As the two most influential men

in the community, they easily divided the church into two mighty factions, and when the yearly sale of seats came round, the Walkerites were seen to dwell upon the right, and the Powellites upon the left. Between, and in front of this divided people, stood the minister. When he bought meat from Andrew Watson, some Walkerite would diminish their weekly church offering, and when Joe Sander's grocer's cart was seen to stop in front of the minister's gate, some Powellite would begin to pay for his spiritual groceries at something like ten cents on the dollar.

The regular pastoral calls were noted by a host of people who kept tally, and when either Walkerite or Powellite seemed likely to win, it was sharply intimated to the Rev. Mr. Jones, that "the wisdom that is from above is without partiality."

Stepping thus between two fires, the man of God appeared to walk fearlessly, and with head erect, but often when alone with some Sunday's message, his heart would quail, and his hand would tremble even inside the mighty grasp of the King of kings.

John and Peter met frequently, but they passed as strangers. Not a memory of the blessed past appeared to linger in their stern old faces. The only memories that were in evidence were memories of insult added to injury, for scarce a month passed that some fresh fuel was not heaped high upon the fires of this hideous quarrel.

One autumn, when the trees were tossing here and there the glory of their radiant garments, Peter was advanced to the dignity of a magistrate. His uncouthness of speech, and twistings of grammar, were thought no barrier, in a rough section of the Lower Canadian country, and many were the pleasing words of congratulation that found their way to the new magistrate. Among the rest came John's—a brief but pointed message. "The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted."

Peter's reserve strength was shown in the fact that he sent no direct reply. Nursing his indignation until it had grown into a sturdy wrath, he appeared at the regular Wednesday evening service prepared for action. Asking for an opportunity to speak, he cordially thanked his many friends for their kindly words of pleasure at his appointment. Closing, he said:

"I've hed some other kind o' words—'mong the rest, one as says how, 'the wicked walks on every side, when the vilest man is exalted.' I've just this to say, so far as this idee is concerned—if the vilest man hed 'a' bin exalted this time in B———, the pick fer magistrate would 'a' passed me by, an' come 'pon another man."

I am not clear in my mind whether or no it was rare tact that made Mr. Jones follow this speech with:

> "Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above,"

but in any case I fancy that meeting would have taken a chill.

I could tell you of many of these insults and injuries. Ah, yes, I could call up the ghosts of their small contemptible selves, but I will not. Handled even with a pen and with pitchfork, the putrid fumes of such unholy acts would penetrate and defile your soul and mine.

As I look back it seems to me that "Old Trusty" shines out of this blackness, like some clear, bright star in a cloudy night sky. He could not understand that the

postal service between Mountain Top and Valley Farm was no longer desired. Long and eagerly did he wait that first day for his message, and when John spoke angrily, "Lie down, sir, an' don't be a fool," Trusty slipped back on to his mat, and putting his head flat down upon his paws, quietly wagged his tail, and wondered. After a few moments, he crept to his master's side again, and his wet nose poked itself inside John's hand, while quite plainly he said, "I've carried a message every day for all these years, and surely there must be one to-day."

John understood, but he only strode angrily out of the room, and then it was that, left to his own devices, Trusty deliberately stood up and took from the table a bit of blank note paper. This he carried straight to Valley Farm, but Peter paid no heed to the messenger, and, tired of waiting, Trusty laid his make-believe note at Peter's feet. No return message was vouchsafed, and a bit of torn newspaper was all the trophy Trusty was able to secure.

Day after day the faithful dog waited in vain for his message, and day after day he hunted about for some scraps of paper. Sometimes he was driven to carrying a chip of wood picked from the wood-box, but be the message what it might, the messenger was never known to fail.

At first, I think this back and forth intercourse rather irritated both John and Peter. For a part of a day Trusty was shut up in John's wood-shed, but he made short work of the window-glass, and his torn and bleeding head appealed to even Peter.

"I may hate yer master," he said, vigorously, "but ye've no part in his wicked doin's," and Trusty went home that day with his head comfortably bandaged.

Gradually the joy of being able every day to silently remind each other of their feud, began to be appreciated, and Trusty's comings and goings were left absolutely to his own discretion.

As the Christmas season came round Mr. Jones preached a good deal about peace on earth and good will. He even went so far as to send to John a special personal message. While in earnest prayer before God, the tender, pleading words of that wondrous—"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," came like a benediction upon his soul, and he was constrained to send them straightway into the thick of the fight.

"Peter Powell is like adamant," he said to himself, "but there may be a way to his heart, through John's,"—then he added—"thank God, I bel eve there will be."

Mr. Jones was not a man given to impressions, and when some rare mighty spiritual impulse came upon him, he was fain to follow closely and believe implicitly. Thus it was that he confidently expected results from the message sent to John. He even went so far as to picture the two old men walking up the church aisle together, and in his mind's eye he saw the torn hymn-book and Bible, with their happy union of a year before. But it came not, and Mr. Jones sighed, and his heart was heavy, as the following Sunday morning he sl pped aside the happy, hopeful sermon which he had honestly expected to preach, and substituted therefore, a straggling discourse on the necessity of faith.

He had well-nigh forgotten that "God moves in a mysterious way," and there seemed no reasonable chance of a break,—but then who-

ever would have thought of putting a collie dog into the plans of the great Eternal God? The last day of the old year was stormy. Great mountains of snowdrifts piled themselves half-way up the telegraph poles, and scarcely a fence was anywhere to be seen. It was a typical Lower Canadian winter's storm, and just the time to tell wonderful stories of "the fifties."

Down in the village, the sidewalks were shovelled, and so high were the banks of thrown-up snow that the doings of the folk on the south side of the street were entirely separated from those on the north side. Houses stood like small fortresses, with their snowy barricades of freshly packed snow, and the voices of children rang in the frosty air like rare, clear music.

"Old Trusty" lay upon the hearth-rug, before a blazing log-fire, but soon after the clock struck five he got up slowly and stretched himself. He had been trained to carry his dog's message just before supper, and now when he was old and stiff, and no one ever said, "Hurry up, an' be off with ye, Trusty, my lad," the dog's instinct of faithfulness kept him true to the traditions of other days. There seemed, that snowy afternoon, to be no bits of paper hanging about. Trusty was puzzled but not defeated. Trotting quietly to his master's table, he spied behind one leg, crushed up into a stiff little ball, a bit of note paper. With a triumphant dart he secured it, and then, standing before the closed door, with wagging tail and eager expression, he turned toward his master, saying as plainly as a dog could, "Please let me out."

Usually John let him go in silence, but it was a stormy day, and it was the last day of a dying year. Something of the tender solemnity which all feel in the presence of death, seemed to touch John's heart. He called the dog to his side, and holding his head between his hands, looked straight into his brown eyes.

"Old chap," he said, proudly, "ye've been my best friend, an' I reckon as Wesley held that there must be some kind o' rest spot fer ye's up yonder. I hope it won't be far off from my place neither, for I should powerful like to see ye's come bounding in, some bright morn. Ah! man, yer chance o' gettin' there is better nor mine. Somehow I feel scart 'bout them mansions to-night. Trusty, lad, I'd like well to stand in yer shoes when the prizes is given out—ye'll get a rare one, I know."

And then John opened the storm door, and a furious gust of snow and biting wind met him.

"It's no day for man nor beast, Trusty," he said, turning to the dog at his side. But Trusty started forth, stopping merely to wag a cheerful "good-bye," as he turned into the lane. John missed the dog that night. The house felt desolate, and the last message of the dying year was not soothing, but harsh and stern.

When six o'clock came and no Trusty, John went to the door and peered out into the darkness. For the next hour he walked up and down, listening anxiously for the dog's returning bark. When seven o'clock rang from the village, he took down his lantern, and putting on his storm clothes, went forth into the blustering night. Down the bare poplar-rowed lane he struggled— the very same road that he and Trusty had travelled together one day years before, only now there was no sunshine anywhere. A horrible fear stole into his heart. "What if Trusty lay buried in some of the drifts?" He poked his stick far down into the snowy depths of a bank at his side, but there was no resistance.

Then lifting his lantern, he gazed around. On down the long lane he fought his way, and as he came into the open road, another lantern met him.

"Have ye seen a collie dog?" he shouted, above the storm.

"No; I wish to God as I had," came the answer, and in another moment the two lanterns met, and two old men stood in the wild night's storm, face to face. They did not speak—they knew not why they stood together, nor why any words should have broken their long silence.

A dog's faint cry came pitifully through the pauses of the storm. Again, not knowing fully what they did, John and Peter together stumbled across the drifted road, and their hands touched as they began to pull from off a buried fence of cruel barbed wire, a shaggy, torn collie dog. Only his nose and brown eyes were visible, and the fence with its horrid fangs lay below.

A spot beneath a big poplar was blown quite clear of snow, and Trusty was gently carried there. He did not stir, and John and Peter knelt, one on either side of him, with their lanterns raised so that the light streamed full into his face.

He still held in his mouth his wad of paper, and John took the message, saying with broken voice, "It's yer last one, I'm feared, my lad."

It was such a frozen, torn bit of paper, but three words shone out quite clearly—"forgiving one another."

John passed it with a trembling hand, across Trusty, to Peter, and Peter read it without saying anything. The snow came sweeping across the fields in a furious blast, and when another silence came, Trusty raised his head, and looked first at John and then at Peter. There was something in his eyes that night, that neither of them ever forgot. A dumb intensity of entreaty seemed to shine full upon them, and they quailed before it.

Peter's hand left the dog's head, and his eyes were raised until they looked full into John's eyes.

"My God," he cried, "shall this dog rise up in the judgment to speak agin' us?"

"Trusty'd never be doin' that," John answered with decision, and then, somehow (only God knows just how), these two men came together. Their hands were clasped across the dying dog.

Trusty's tongue was cold and stiff, but he licked those hands, and seemed content to go. Dare you or I say that he did not understand that some cloud had lifted? Between them, they half dragged, half carried, his body up the poplar-rowed lane, and in spite of the darkness and sadness, methinks there was some sunshine.

The first Sabbath of the new year, Mr. Jones came into his pulpit with a sermon on "Nehemiah's wall builders," but he did not preach it. His Bible opened readily to Ephesians iv. 32, and with trembling voice he read—"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

It seemed to him that morning, as with much unction he preached the blessed Gospel of forgiveness, that some angel hand must have picked up his forgotten message, and drawn its cords of love around the two old men, who sat together just in front of him. John and Peter, however, beheld no snowy-winged angel. They only saw a collie dog, with a pair of honest brown eyes, a loving heart, and a name that fitted every bit of his life's story—"Old Trusty."

OUR ORIGINS.

"*INCUNABULA NOSTRAE GENTIS.*"

BY THE VERY REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

At certain times, usually once a year, every prudent merchant takes stock of his business. Every man does the same with his own character and history, and even those who do not approve of much introspection will admit the propriety of his doing so occasionally. There are also times in the history of a nation when its people seem called upon to consider where they stand, how far they have travelled, and the nature, value, and origin of their possessions. The crisis which recently confronted Canada, and which has not yet passed away, is evidently one of those times for looking round on our present, and looking back on our past. Since the invasion of Canada by the Fenians, there has been no thought of anything but peace with our neighbours. And although we considered that they had not done justly in permitting those misguided men to arm and drill and otherwise prepare to attack a people with whom they had no cause of quarrel whatsoever, still, all that was forgotten and forgiven, chiefly because we felt that it could hardly have been expected that a great and bloody war should not have perverted, to some extent, neighbourly instincts and sentiments.

So completely at peace have the two peoples been ever since, and so closely are their business and social relations interlocked, notwithstanding those rusty razors known as hostile tariffs which politicians are continually tinkering at, that it almost began to appear "manifest destiny" that they should eventually become one nation. A prominent writer, backed by a few disciples, has maintained that only in this way could permanent peace between the two great branches of the English-speaking family be secured. Let Canada unite with the States, they maintain, and then even the possibility of war between mother and daughter vanishes forever.

Recent events have completely dispelled this plausible argument and shown it to be an illusion. No one can say that Canada had anything to do with Mr. Cleveland's offensive, warlike message. The message would have been equally offensive had Canada been part of the Union. By the extraordinary action of Congress, which practically abdicated in favour of a President gone mad, the war making power was put into the hands of one man, till actually our only security that there shall not be war is in the character of Mr. Cleveland. He has proved himself narrow, rash, obstinate, and irascible, but it is quite a mistake to conclude that he is not essentially honest, candid, and peace-loving. He is all that, and there will therefore be no war this time. But who is to guarantee that the President of the United States shall always be a man of his calibre? With all Mr. Cleveland's faults he would never do what Madison did. But we can no longer delude ourselves with the belief that the people of the United States, as a whole, are animated by the same feeling towards Britain as that which animates the British people

towards them. The outbursts all over the country were too loud, passionate and general, not to be heard by the dullest ears. It is strange and shocking that it should be so, in view of what a true friend Britain has always been to the United States, notwithstanding the one fact that, a hundred and twenty-five years ago, a pragmatical king, with a foolish ministry, feebly endeavoured to coerce the thirteen colonies: feebly, I say, because the greatest voices in Parliament were steadily raised against the endeavour, and the heart of the British people was so little in the war that the Ministry had to scour every quarter of Germany for mercenaries.

For us, however, the significant thing is the way in which Canadians from ocean to ocean responded to these insane outbursts. There was no outcry : no boasting : no word indicating hatred of our neighbours : no retorts, although even those Professors of Universities on the other side who deprecated war, usually added, that of course Canada could be taken in a week—as it was not taken on a former occasion ; no sign of panic. The two or three newspapers in Canada, which are considered to be in favour of separation from the Mother Country, spoke out as decidedly as all the rest, and declared that there was only the one position for us, of shoulder to shoulder with England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, South Africa, New Zealand, India, and the rest of the British Empire. So gratifying was the manifestation of the heart of our people that we might be disposed to send congratulations to Mr. Cleveland, thanking him for his extraordinary message, were it not for the disastrous effect which the message has had on the fate of Armenia. We, however, are not responsible for that. It is an awful load for him to bear, and an awful responsibility for the whole American people.

While pondering over the whole matter, and inquiring into the real reasons which determined the noble stand which Canadians have just taken, I received from my friend, Dr. Withrow, an author's copy of his story, " Barbara Heck, a tale of early Methodism." Reading it, a window was opened through which I saw glimpses into the early history of our people. The present is the child of the past. Multiply, then, the little group, whose fortunes he has sketched, a hundred or a thousand times, and we shall be able to estimate the stuff of which we are made, and we shall thank God for the ancestors who laid the foundations of our State. What a pathetic story it is ! Fugitives, in the seventeenth century, from the German Palatinate are kindly received in Britain. The British Government gives them grants of land in Ireland, and there they " benefit the country by increasing tillage and are a laborious and independent people." When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England, as these German Palatines. Soon after Wesley's visit, a number of them resolved to sail for the New World. One of them, Philip Embury, was class leader and local preacher for the rest, but under the temptations and trials of New York, he became discouraged and ceased to exercise the duties of his office, till Barbara Heck, like a modern Deborah, roused him to begin the work anew. Her zeal led to the organizing of the first Methodist service in the new world. It was held in the

humble parlour of Philip Embury, and the congregation increased till they were obliged to hire a more commodious room in an old rigging loft in William Street; and, Barbara Heck still leading, a stone chapel was finally erected on a site on John Street, and dedicated to the worship of God, in 1768. This is the Mother Church of American Methodism.

Soon after this, the little group of Palatines resolved to leave the city and take to their old occupation of farming. They made their way up the Hudson, past Albany and Troy, and settled on the Pawlet River, where in 1775 Embury died. This same year, the noise of war filled the land, but the pious Germans did not forget the power which had stood by them when the persecution of France drove their fathers from the Rhine. "If fight we must," said Paul Heck, Barbara's husband, "we will fight for the old flag under which we have enjoyed peace and prosperity." They sold, at great sacrifice, the pleasant homes and farms they had made for themselves, and carrying with them Embury's concordance and Barbara Heck's old German Bible, they made their way to Montreal.

At the conclusion of the war, a number of their Loyalist neighbours joined them, and they resolved to move into the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada and there again hew out and build homes for themselves. "We go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither we go," said Barbara Heck, "but I have faith to believe that this is my last removal and that God will give us a home and to our seed after us. Ah, many changes have I seen. I seek now a quiet resting-place and a grave among my children and my children's children." The brave pioneers had lands allotted to them in the newly surveyed township of Augusta, near the spot where the village of Maitland, five miles from Brockville, now stands.

Soon after their settlement there, the little community received a reinforcement to its numbers, of the same metal as themselves. These consisted of Quakers, from the banks of the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania. "We have been moved to seek homes in this Province," said their old leader, "and to cast in our lot with the faithful subjects of King George." Soon after the Quaker settlement was formed, another company arrived, "whose presence added still greater colour to the social life of the little forest community." These were Virginian Loyalists, whose estates were confiscated and who fled to Halifax, whence they made the toilsome journey to the wilderness of Upper Canada. Their leader was Colonel Isaac Pemberton, who had served on the staff of Lord Cornwallis and whose sons had also served as volunteers in the Royalist Army. With his family came a few household slaves, who shared the evil fortunes of the family with Christian heroism. The welcome of these Virginian Loyalists at the Heck settlement was as cordial as that which had been given to the Quakers. How Colonel Pemberton's son and the youngest daughter of Barbara Heck fell in love; how William Losee, the pioneer Methodist preacher, rode into the Heck settlement in 1790 and organized a congregation; how Reginald Pemberton became a Methodist preacher; how Elder Dunham visited at the Colonel's house and won the heart of Blanche Pemberton, greatly to the disgust of the aristocratic Colonel; how, though the course of true love, as usual, did not run smooth, all things, by God's blessing, came

right in the end ; how Archdeacon Stuart, in whose house on Summer Hill, Kingston, the Principal of Queen's College now resides, celebrated the marriage between Blanche and the Elder, presenting her on the occasion with a copy of the songs of Ossian, who, according to him, was "the greatest poet the world has ever seen,"—these and many other incidents are well told in Dr. Withrow's story.

Is it wonderful that the grandsons of such pioneers should be ready for any call of duty ? Men and women, in whose veins blended the blood of the stout Rhineland refugees, of the descendants of those who followed William Penn, and of gallant Virginia Loyalists, all bound together by common loyalty and common suffering, all animated by the faith that comes from communion with the unseen, are not likely to waver no matter how great the odds. They may be overwhelmed for a time, but they are about as likely to be conquered as was Greece, or Switzerland, or Holland, or Scotland, or Montenegro. There can be no harm in our neighbours knowing the state of the case, for their own sake and for ours. The sober, Christian people of the States know it already, and some instruction of the war-loving masses, including Generals Howard and Lew Wallace, might be recognized by them as legitimate Home Mission work.

Kingston, Ont.

"IF THOU WILT THOU CANST."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

My child, thou speakest truly: nothing is
Impossible to Me.—
And no good thing
Will I deny thee.
Dost thou pray for life?—
Thou shalt have length of days even forever—
In My Bright Home beyond the westering sun;—
And wouldst thou that I give thee health and strength
Wherewith to walk abroad?—The dwellers There
Can nevermore know sickness; and thy feet,
Now tired and nerveless, shall be strong to tread
The shining pavements of Heaven's Golden City,
And range unwearied over hill and plain.—
Thus will I grant, in My appointed time,
All that thou askest.
And to paths of earth
I would restore thee, even now, but, while
All things indeed are possible to Me,
And thou hast said most truly that I could
Accomplish this.—I love thee far too well
To hold from thee aught that is for thy good:
And there are lessons which thy soul doth need
Can best be perfected in this seclusion;
For in these days, thy days of feebleness,
When thou dost lie before Me husht and still,
More plainly canst thou hear My voice than it
Would reach thee else.
Then wait with patience, child!
Learn thou of Me and trust My all-wise love!
No single hour of suffering is thine
But to thy welfare tends, as thou shalt see,
When, all life's lessons learnt, thou dwell'st with Me.

Toronto.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.

SKILFULLY GUIDED, THE BOAT SPED ONWARD.

CHAPTER III.

MAD O'HANNIGAN.

Voices were now heard in animated conversation, together with footsteps as of men hurrying towards the house. This was the signal, of course, for Denis and Rosie to place themselves demurely, yet promptly, at opposite sides of the rude kitchen, in which their interesting tete-a-tete had taken place.

They had no sooner done so than the voice of old O'Meara, evidently replying to some request, was heard.

"Well, I dunno, Lieutenant. It seems a quare spot to go on a picnic, and so many nicer places near at home ; but, as you say, the day's fine, and you're half-way there when you are this far. The weather, too, bein' settled lookin', and ye may aisy be back these long evenin's before dark. Faith, what between the moon and the long twilight, 'tis scarce any dark there is at all, at all. Well, I'm willin', for once in a while, that the young people should have a good spell o' divarshin. 'Tis precious little of it poor Matt 'll have wance he's priested ; and as for Rosie, she's as good a sailor as any o' thim, and sorra wan 'll enjoy it better than herself."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Meara," said the coastguard officer, for it was none other than our old friend Lieutenant Crosbie, the discomfited antagonist of Biddy O'Regan, in the adventure narrated in our first chapter.

"You may be sure I'll take the best possible care of Miss O'Meara, and as I heard you have young O'Sullivan here to-day, I'd be glad of his company, too. He's such a first-rate knowledge of the coast he'll be useful in the steering line."

"That he will, sor, if reports is thrue ; but then, Lieutenant, ye'll be no goin' into dangerous places this day, or I'll think twice about lettin' Rosie go ?"

"Be assured, my dear sir, I'm not the man to bring Miss Rosie, or any other lady into perils. Whatever dangers I may myself be exposed to by the dear creatures, certainly I am incapable of submitting them to the slightest risk. Besides, Mrs. Crosbie is in the boat awaiting us." This the gallant officer uttered with a profound bow as he greeted Rosie and Denis, who now appeared.

"What arrangements are you making ?" said Denis. "Is it anything I can help in ?"

"Shure 'tis a picnic the lieutenant is for havin' at the Shan-

vaght. He wants ye both to go with him," said O'Meara.

"Wid the greatest pleasure in life," said Denis, to whom an afternoon on the salt sea wave, in company with Rosie, was the very ideal of a perfect holiday.

In a short time Matt was seen scampering down to the boat laden with provisions, and soon the happy party were under way, flying over the blue waters with the speed of a seamew through the air.

"Better let Mr. O'Sullivan take the rudder," said the lieutenant to an ill-looking fellow who sat in the stern.

Neither Denis nor the lieutenant noticed the ugly scowl which darkened the face of Larry M'Loughlin as he relinquished the helm to the hands of his master's nephew. Jealousy and hate were written there if ever they were written on a human countenance; for, above all things, Larry prided himself upon his superiority in all matters relating to seafaring life and shipcraft. To him it was gall and bitterness that his young master, whom he had other sufficient reasons for hating, should, under the tutelage of the Shanvar, excel him in his own particular domain.

Guided skilfully by Denis the little boat sped onward, now creeping under beetling crags, beneath whose shade the waters blackened into a gloom, relieved only by the fringe of foam that marked the dangerous shore line; out again into the blue and sunlit waters, flecked by the shadow of a passing cloud, or rippled by the summer breeze.

The spirits of the party rose as the breeze caught their sails, and they quickened their pace over the bounding sea. Even Larry's grim and surly countenance soon relaxed as he chatted to the other men, whom the lieutenant had brought with him to act as oarsmen, in case the wind should drop or become unfavourable.

"Here, at last, is the place, and as grand a spot for a picnic as heart could wish," shouted Matt, as he leaped ashore, running eagerly to the bows of the boat to be the first to give a hand to haul her up on the beach, and, taking advantage of the next wave, he had almost accomplished the task ere the hired men, jumping into the water, ran to his aid.

They now disembarked upon one of the long promontories forming part of what was called the Shanvar country, not very many miles, further down the coast, from Denis' own home; in fact quite near to an out-farm in which Mr. O'Sullivan kept a caretaker, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where we first made the acquaintance of Denis.

The reader has doubtless been at many a picnic. Let him, then, recall the merriest and happiest in his whole experience of these al fresco entertainments, and he will have a fairly accurate idea of how the honest folk enjoyed themselves, drinking tea, seated on the velvet turf of Duncroskery Head during the greater part of a long summer afternoon.

Suddenly Larry M'Loughlin, pausing in the act of packing up the remains of the feast, cried out: "As I'm a livin' sinner, there's Mad O'Hannigan."

"'Tis mad wid heresy and wickedness he is, thin, an' the curse o' the Church on him, how could he have bether luck?" replied his comrade. "Don't go nigh him, sor," continued the fellow as he saw Denis had risen to his feet on hearing Larry's exclamation, proceed in the direction of the wild-looking object visible on the adjacent rising ground. "Sure 'tis yourself will suffer, sor, if ye even

spake to him, for to harbour him, to have dalin' wid him, or to spake to him is to share his excommunication! I heard it myself from the althar—thim very words."

But not hearing, or not heeding, the well-meant counsel of the boatman, Denis approached the man, who now retired slowly from the notice of the party; not, indeed, as one who shunned them from motives of dread, but as a person desiring neither to intrude nor to be intruded upon might do.

Had Denis been asked what his object was in following the poor fellow he could have given no intelligent reason for his conduct. Prompted at first by mere impulse, curiosity, or pity, or a mingling of all three motives, he had advanced a few yards before he realized the import of his act. But he was not the man to go back once he had started upon any business. It was a ruling instinct of his nature to carry out his purposes to the end, no matter what the consequences might be.

Not but that he felt the sword of the Church's anathema threatening him as a possible danger; but he did not realize its terrors quite so much as the poor fellow who had remonstrated with him.

How could he? Had he not uncles and cousins high in honour amongst the clergy? Could he associate in his mind the idea of implacable vengeance against himself, with these gentle and jovial friends of his youth? Would they wreak condign punishment upon him for merely speaking to a poor demented fellow?

No, no! Such terrors, hanging over the head of poor Pat Devine, might be necessary to keep the like of him from tampering in the least with heresy, of which, indeed, it was said that this lunacy of O'Hannigan's was the fruit; but, as for him (Denis), he could surely be trusted with a little more liberty of action than Larry and his company. At any rate, on he speeds towards the fatal spot where O'Hannigan, now stationary, awaits him, out of sight and earshot of the rest.

"Surely this is no madman!" was the first thought of Denis, as he draws near to the poor fellow, who, though his clothes are ragged and his hair dishevelled, nevertheless seems to breathe a spirit of mildness and peace, rather than rage and delirium, which he had expected.

"Why thin, O'Hannigan, is it yourself at all, at all. Sure we heard quare things of you, any way. 'Tis glad I am to see, wid my own eyes, that they're not thrue. You're no more mad than I am, judging by your look this blessed minute."

"Oh, Masther Denis, Masther Denis, my heart is burstin' wid the love and gratitude I have to ye for your kind words. 'Tis meself was mad, indeed. Aye," he continued, in a lower tone, as if to himself, "why need I mince the matter now? He's right. I was mad. Is there any madness like the madness of him that fights against his best Friend and Benefactor, as I did for many a long year? Fightin' agin the Spirit's strivin' iver since I heard the Black-cap* praicher talkin' of hell and judgment, and more awful than all that he said was his description of the holiness of the Great God. 'Twas my little girl first made me curious about thim Black-caps. She used to tell us at home what she heard at Mr. Quin's, where she was at sarvice. The preachers come there, ye know.

* The early Methodist preachers were known as *Black-caps*, because of the black velvet skull-caps worn by them while preaching in the open air.

"I tuck thin to goin' to praichin' seven miles off in Drumvoher, but it was worse I was gettin' instead ov bether, even while I was listenin' to the good man ; and agin and agin I vowed : 'Back I'll never go to the place, seein' 'tis only makin' me more miserable. Still, when the time came round agin, I could not keep away, for I liked gran' to hear the praichers talkin' of the love of God too, and ov our Blissed Saviour's death, though I did not dare to hope there was any marcy for me. Well, things wint on this way for long enough, till Mr. Bastable, the man in whose house the meetin' was held, said to me one night : 'Mr. O'Hannigan,' says he, 'what's troublin' ye at all, at all ? For to my mind,' says he, 'you look like a man was in great grief of some kind or other. Open your mind to me, and I may be able to help you, alannah.' 'Well,' says I, 'Mr. Bastable, to tell ye the honest thruth, sor, 'tis the fear o' death and hell that has me this way ; and sure,' says I, 'there's no man from here to Connaught has better raison to fear both, for there's not a bigger sinner in the counthry, I'm thinkin', God help me !'

"Wid that, Denis, he up and he says : 'Oh, thank God !' 'Well, did you iver hear the loikes in your life ?' says I to myself. 'If you are as thankful for your own marcies as you are for my thrubles, Mr. Bastable,' thinks I, 'you're a good Christian !' But I said nothin' to him, only waited to hear what next, and, sure, after that expression, nothin' more that he could say would surprise me much. But all the while that I was waitin', he was writin' somethin' on a bit ov paper. You know I can read a bit ov writin', fur I was at schule awhile in my young days, and Mr. Bastable he knowed it too. 'Mr. O'Hannigan,' he says, 'I know all about it, and here's what cured me,' and wid that he hands me this bit ov paper. You can read it, Mr. Denis, 'tis no saycret. Well, sor, you see what's on it : 'God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake.' 'Go now,' says Mr. Bastable, 'and say that from your heart, and tell me the result when ye come back.'

"Sure enough you may say I gave it a fair trial. I thought it was some mighty powerful charm, that was goin' to cure me all at once, widout the laste bother, except the repetition of it. But it was of no use. The fear of death and hell was there as black as iver, and pace or aise I could not git for the terror that was on me. So I brought the bit o' paper back the nixt praichin' night, and says I : 'Mr. Bastable, here's your charm ; it won't work. I'm done for ; there's no hope for me in heaven or earth.' 'Oh, don't say that,' says he ; 'I niver knew this to fail when a man who was in your condition used it right. I'm afeared ye did not use it right, eh ?' 'Well, sor,' says I, 'if I did not give it a fair trial, no man iver did. Every mornin' the first thing when I woke, every time the big chapel bell would ring, and ivery spare moment I had durin' the day, and the last thing at night, I said it over and over two or three times. Why, sor, I was always at it; niver done repeatin' it.' 'But,' says he, lookin' me quietly in the eyes, and smilin' a gentle smile, 'Did you say it from your heart ? Did you mean every word of it ? Did you think that you were speakin' to the great God ivery time you spoke these words ? Did you remember that He is the Creator of heaven and earth, and the Holy Being against whom you have sinned, and whose holy law you have broken ? Did you realize it was His anger restin' upon you that

made you afraid of death and hell? Did you really understand that you were asking him to forgive you,and thus to take away all fear out of your heart and make you happy in His love ? Did it not enter your mind that you were askin' all this for the sake, not of your goodness or merit, but solely for Christ's sake, for the sake of his death and passion ; and did you not remember that God has promised to give us whativer we ask thus in the name of His Blessed Son Jesus ?'

"'Well, Mr. Bastable,' says I, 'if that is the way to use this prayer, 'tis surely not the way I used it. But here goes to give it a fair trial;' and, Masther Denis, it was not long till I found it was all thrue, what the good man said. The fear ov death and hell, and the fear ov iverything else too, is taken out ov my heart, and I'm happy in God's love. I hear they have cursed me in the chapel, because they have found out all about my goin' so often to Drumvoher. Father Cassidy towld me he would do it, if I did not give up goin' to the praichin' ; but though I was not converted at the time, still I could not bear the idea ov niver goin' back to thim blessed meetin's, so I wuld give him no promise. I believe he's carried out his threat. But, thank God, not only is the fear ov death and hell gone, but the fear ov man too. Man Denis, it's gran' ; the Blessed Saviour has filled me with joy and peace and I'm as happy as the day is long. I come here, you know, often to get a little quiet ; for you know there's small chance ov that same in my own house, what wid Biddy (God bless her), the children, and the pigs, there's no laysure and no quiet, and so here there's nobody to disturb me ; but 'tis often I forget myself, the time passes so pleasantly wid this for my companion—'tis the New Testament Mr. Bastable give me,—that I often forget to ate the bit o' bread I bring with me to support natur. But I'm keeping you too long from your friends, Mr. Denis. I see thim lookin' for ye. They'll not be wantin' to see me anyway, so I'll bid you good-bye, and thank you kindly for your friendly words. You're the only neighbour, for ould acquaintance, would do as much now."

With these words the speaker turned abruptly from Denis, and hastened to the shelter of the adjoining rocks, as the remainder of the party drew near.

They did not seem, however, at all desirous to approach until O'Hannigan was quite out of sight. Then Rose came hastily towards Denis, and with a look of intense solicitude, inquired why he had stayed so long with "that man."

"Poor fellow !" said Denis, "poor fellow. He's mad, no doubt of it at all. And a dacent good fellow he was, when he was in my uncle's employment; before he got the bit o' land, he was as quiet and honest a poor fellow as need be. But now he's quite astray in the mind. His own talk proves that."

"O, Denis, that's what comes of tamperin' with heresy. Many a time Father Cassidy told that poor fellow to give up goin' to those heretical meetin's; but he was obstinate. 'Surely some evil will come on him,' said Father Cassidy ; and didn't his words come true, and no mistake ? What more awful punishment could happen to him than the loss of his reason ?"

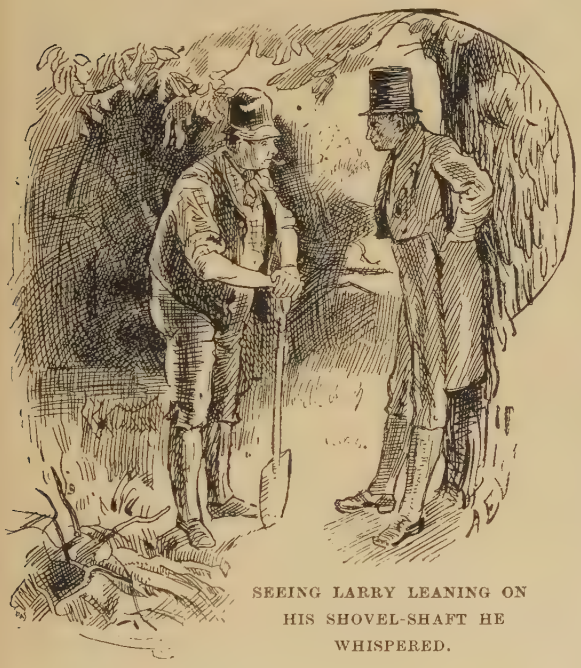
CHAPTER IV.

JUDAS.

Larry M'Loughlin, on the morning following the adventure narrated in our last chapter, might have been seen engaged in the uncongenial task of clearing away the rubbish and litter which had accumulated on the paths leading up to his master's house. Not only did he feel the due amount of repugnance to every species of hard work, which is natural to a lazy man, but the bitter humiliation of his present task sank the deeper into his soul, because for many years he had been exempt from all such menial drudgery.

From the high vantage of steward's position he had been degraded, chiefly, as he thought, though in this he was mistaken, on account of the strict watch kept upon him by the "young masther," as Denis was called by the dependents of his uncle, though he did not reside with his uncle ; he only visited him every day and took a general oversight of the place, as he had plenty of time to do ; his other uncle, with whom he lived, owning a grazing farm, which required but little attention.

It will then be understood that the cheery tone of Larry's greeting, responsive to Denis's "Good morning," was feigned, and that if the true feelings of his heart could have been known, it would have been a curse, rather than the kindly sounding "God save you," he would have sent after the "young masther" that bright summer morning.



SEEING LARRY LEANING ON HIS SHOVEL-SHAFT HE WHISPERED.

After the figure of Denis had disappeared in the distance, a man, dressed somewhat more respectably than the average peasant, came down a cross road, and seeing Larry leaning on his shovel-shaft, ominously scowling in the direction in which young O'Sullivan had last been seen, he approached, and touching the servant on his arm to attract his wandering attention, whispered :

"Well ! he's been here; no need to ask you this time. I saw him myself, too. No mistaking him for anybody else ; I hate him too well for that."

"Troth, Mr. Swanby, ye don't hate him half as well as I do myself, and good cause I have for it. Yes," he continued, while the frown deepened on his ugly countenance, "he has been here, sure enough, early and all as it is ; and I'm thinkin' it'll not be long till he's here for good and all, the spyin', sneakin' informer."

"True for you, Larry. He'll

be masther here soon, an' you may take your oath ov it, he'll have no oat-stealin' stable-boys about in his time. 'Tis a pity, too, and you reared here an' livin' here, man and boy, this thirty year. Not likely anybody else in the neighbourhood would engage you either, Larry. You're too well known to be idle and thriftless, an' only the ould masther is the man he is, sorra long he'd put up wid you either. Didn't think you were dishonest, though, till this kind frien' ov yours put it out about ye," indicating Denis by pointing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction in which that young man had disappeared.

Now this insinuation of crafty Mr. Swanby's was wholly untrue. It was certainly a fact that Denis had caught Larry making away with his master's oats, and found it necessary, after unheeded warnings, to report the circumstance to old Mr. O'Sullivan ; but as for making the matter public, it was a thing he was quite incapable of.

But Larry, like many another rogue, judged his neighbour by himself. The act he attributed to Denis is precisely what he would have done had their circumstances been reversed ; and in his rage and hate he never reflected that this man, Swanby, had had his information about the matter direct from himself during former interviews, when Swanby's superior intelligence and cunning were quite equal to drawing out of Larry's unwilling bosom secrets yet more important.

"Yes," continued the tempter, "'tis thrue enough, Larry, the master has put up wid you for the sake of ould times ; but Denis here will soon be your master. Where will be the chance of your bein' kept on then, will ye tell me ? let alone the cottage, and grass for a cow you have been promised in a year's time, if you mend your manners, when Biddy O'Fayle's out ov service at the big house. It's a bad look-out for you, Larry, my boy, and no mistake."

The face of Larry was convulsed with anger and rage as he stood grinding his teeth and grasping his shovel as though it were a weapon with which he might at once wreak vengeance upon Denis, his unconscious foe.

"Never fear," continued the other, "he's aften puttin' a spoke in your wheel up at Duncarrol. 'Tis myself has heard him many's a time. 'Tis 'Uncle, why don't you introduce new blood ?' or, 'Uncle, your own eye over the place more frequent would be no harm.' That before me face, what will he say behind backs consarning you and all the ould servants ? It's a clane clear-out there'll be for sarteen shure, an' you'll be the very furst to go, Larry, as sure as a gun."

"If I could put him off the walk I'd willingly hang for him, the sneakin', white-faced informer," hissed Larry from between his set teeth.

"Why, if you're in airnest about that, Larry, me fine lad, 'tis the aisiest thing in life to get this same Denis out of the road, and no risk in the world to any honest boy who hates meddlers and spies, and who would be willing' to do the business," and, drawing the fellow nearer to him, he whispered : "Listen to me now, Larry. Lieutenant Crosbie is goin' to make a raid on the smugglers at Duncroskery. You would have got the job ov pilotin' him to the caves, and you will get the offer. Just put the lieutenant up to bringing Denis instead."

"And what good would that do me if he would consent to go on such a job, which is not likely ?"

"Why, don't you see, they'll

pretend it's seal-shootin', or somethin' else they're up to, an' Denis 'ill go the whole way to the caves, flattered to be asked to pilot the lieutenant, for he's as proud as Lucifer o' his knowledge of all the creeks about here. If it was you was goin', you're far too cute to go the whole way without a mask, and get spotted by the smugglin' gang. If it was your case, shure, we all know you'd save your character by leaving the lieutenant to grope his way the last few turns as best he could."

Said Larry, "I always make a bargain for them to land me on the last of the Hogsheads, 'tis plain sailin' after that, for 'tisn't the first time we've tried to catch them smugglin' chaps, as you have found out, sor. (But how you found it out bates me.) But they were always too many for us. Shu'dent wonder but the lieutenant would have better luck this time, for I'm towld he has a strong force now."

"Mr. Crosbie," continued the other, "will never tell this poor fool of a Denis the real business on hand and the simpleton will go right up to Spillane and his gang, and, as an informer, from that minute he'll have the credit of bringing down the gaugers upon the smugglers' crew. You know well he'll have to make himself scarce after that, an' you an' I, both, will be rid of as ugly a customer as we have iver met to cross our path. You're to put the lieutenant up to it. He's niver to let on but it's seal shootin', or something of that sort they're after. Meantime you know well—no man better—how to whisper it round in public-houses, and at fairs, and markets as to Denis leanin' to the Government, and bein' suspected of favourin' the Sassenach."

"Aye," said Larry, with a horrid oath, "that I will, and more than that, too, I can put out on him. He's hankerin' afthur the heretics, too. Didn't he spend an hour colloguing wid that villain, O'Hannigan, last night under our very noses in Duncroskery, near Shanvaght ?"

With this they parted; these two so widely separated in social position, who, with mutual reasons for hating poor Denis, have made common cause against him.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY J. H. CHANT.

Is brotherhood to flesh confined?
  Is there no kinship of the soul?
To have it thus, I am resigned,
  If 'tis my God-appointed goal;
For there are those whom I hold dear,
  Who claim with me a common sire,
That we, with one accord, revere,
  And love holds out midst flood and fire.

But is the family so small
  Of which I fondly claim a part?
Is there no other I may call
  A brother, and within my heart,
Cherish for him, whate'er his name,
  Or rank, or colour, or his creed,
A love of pure and changeless flame,
  And feel I render but his meed?

Thank God for brotherhood so broad
  That all the human race may share,
A kinship, never yet outlawed,
  Tho' types of it have been too rare.
But bigotry is doomed to die,
  And hate, a relic of the past:
The golden age is drawing nigh,
  And all one family at last!

Thedford, Ont.

THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. C. B. ROSS, B.D.

Our Bible has a marvellous history. Students have, from very early times, been engaged in studying that history ; and especially in recent times has their research been attended by a remarkable measure of success. They have traced the course of the wonderful river, and though they have missed some of its windings, yet they can, for all practical purposes, map out the course of the river throughout its whole extent.

The story of the discovery of the ancient manuscripts reads like a romance. It is more fascinating than the story of Livingstone's journey in search of the sources of the Nile, of Stanley's discovery of the veteran missionary, or of the perils of navigating the mysterious Congo.

In the following remarks we will not dwell to any extent upon the history of the Hebrew Bible. Time would fail us. Suffice it to say that the history of the Hebrew Bible, so far as we know it, is just as wonderful as that of the Greek. Scholars in ages long past have studied the text with painstaking accuracy ; and they have bequeathed to us the precious result of their toil.

We have no manuscript of the Hebrew text earlier than the ninth century after Christ. All the earlier manuscripts have mysteriously disappeared. It is true that we have manuscripts of translations of the Old Testament made at a much earlier date ; but the Hebrew manuscripts themselves which we possess are much later than the Greek.

The earliest Greek manuscript which we possess of the whole Scriptures is called the Codex Sinaiticus, so called because it was discovered in the monastery of St. Catharine at Mount Sinai, whence so many precious manuscripts have been obtained. Tischendorf found one of the monks engaged in lighting a stove in the convent with a portion of the manuscript, which he rescued from destruction and brought with him to Europe. Returning some years later, Tischendorf obtained the remaining portions of the manuscript. And now this Codex Sinaiticus is regarded as the most valuable of the Uncial Manuscripts of the Bible. Besides almost the whole Old Testament it contains the entire New Testament, the Epistle of Barnabas, and the first third of the Shepherd of Hermas. Although the Alexandrian copyist, to whose labours we owe this precious manuscript, was not very well acquainted with Greek and has made many errors, still this manuscript has perhaps the greatest weight with critics, inasmuch as it is found to agree with the earliest quotations and translations. The manuscript is written in four columns, a solitary instance of this arrangement, indicating its early date.

Another very precious manuscript is the Codex Ephraemi, belonging to the fifth century after Christ. It is a palimpsest, the original writing having been scraped off in the twelfth century so that part of the works of Ephraem Syrus might be written in their place.

In the year 1835, Hase, making use of prussiate of potash, was enabled to restore a great portion of the old manuscript. Of this manuscript sixty-four leaves contain portions of the Old Testa-

ment ; and only three-eighths of the New Testament are wanting.

Thus, from ancient monasteries in Arabia, Turkey and Greece, and from tombs in Egypt, have come the faded manuscripts which tell us what were the words our Saviour spoke and the Apostles wrote. One thousand manuscripts of the New Testament are at the disposal of scholars. Classical scholars are satisfied if they have from twenty to thirty manuscripts of the classics from which to construct a critical text ; so that we are almost as fortunate as if we had the very autographs of the sacred writers.

And we are not dependent upon the manuscripts only of the sacred writings for our knowledge of their contents. We possess also versions of the Scriptures made in very early times, and we have quotations from Scripture contained in the writings of the Fathers.

Thus we have copies of the Septuagint version made two centuries before Christ, and we have the Syriac and Coptic versions made at a very early period. Only the other day, for example, there was discovered in the Convent of St. Catharine, at Mount Sinai, a Syriac version of the four Gospels. This is probably a variant copy of the Curetonian Syriac, the most ancient extant version of the New Testament. The discovery is of importance in supplying the omissions in that version and in giving, some scholars think, a clue to the harmony of the genealogies in St. Matthew and St. Luke.

But probably the most important discovery which has been made in recent years is an Arabic translation of the Diatessaron of Tatian in two manuscripts found in the Vatican and the Borgian Museum. This is a harmony of the four Gospels as we have them now ; and as Tatian lived in the middle of the second century, it proves conclusively that the Gospel of John is authentic.

It was a pity, for her own sake, that Mrs. Ward's novel, " Robert Elsmere," was published so early. These recent discoveries have made sad havoc with her theories. Scholars are slowly but surely coming to the conclusion that the theories of such men as Baur and Pfleiderer are inadmissible. These men have been led away by speculative fancies which historical criticism has proved untenable. The spade and the microscope are proving too much for the German rationalist.

Further we have quotations from the Fathers lending their testimony to the authenticity of Scripture. The Fathers, indeed, frequently quote from the writings of heretics, so that the infidel has been compelled to give his testimony to the cause of truth. It has been said that, were all the manuscripts of the Bible text and of the versions destroyed, the quotations from the writings of the Fathers would restore the greater part of the New Testament. With such care has God preserved His Word for our use.

And as the New Testament has come forth triumphantly from the fire of criticism, such will be the result, we may well believe, of the criticism of the Old Testament. Already there are striking signs that the theories of the advanced critics are beginning to give way. Professor Davison has shown the inherent difficulties belonging to these theories. Professor Sayce says that these theories are historically incredible ; if the Bible were written in accordance with them, it would be the result of miracle. The objection made by the advanced critics to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, that

the art of writing was then unknown, has been found to be untenable. Professor Sayce has told us that the period of the Exodus was as literary as that of the Renaissance, and that when Abraham lived, a Babylonian poet was, by writing a poem of twelve books, finishing a lengthened period of poetic production. It is thus that the spade is furnishing materials for the Christian apologist.

The Bible also has had a wonderful history in meeting the objections of sceptics. From the beginning it has been assailed by every form of infidelity. For example, in the fourth century of the Christian era the determined effort was made to eliminate from the creed the doctrines of the real humanity and the real divinity of the Saviour. In the battle, all power, humanly speaking, was, at times, on the side of error—much learning, popularity, imperial favour. It was Athanasius against the world. But the Word of God triumphed; and we have the precious creed of the Council of Nice as a monument of the victory. We need not be alarmed then, when we hear of Unitarian and Socinian views expressed in these days. They are merely echoes of long past controversies, in which victory was on the side of the truth.

In modern times also the Bible has been assailed by many forms of infidelity. Hume, by his famous argument, tried to prove that miracles are impossible; but now his arguments find no weight with thoughtful men; and are disowned by those who are as far removed from the faith as he was. Then came the rationalists, who would have us believe that the miracles took place simply by natural means. This form of infidelity has, however, to a great extent passed away. It did not satisfy sceptics themselves; and Strauss dealt the sturdiest blows against it.

Strauss' form of infidelity has in turn been forced to yield. He taught that the composition of the Gospels took place so late in the second century that there was plenty of time for myths to surround the story of our Saviour's life. And this, Strauss says, explains the miraculous element in the Gospels. But the voice of history has been against Strauss. Recent research has taught us the Gospels were written so early that no time was available for the development of myth.

Now Scripture is being assailed by what may prove to be its deadliest foe—that is, pure materialism. Whatever may have been the theological opinions of Darwin, his writings have opened the way for the advance of atheism. And although Herbert Spencer vehemently disowns materialism, there can be no doubt that his writings have had a materialistic tendency. He scoffs at prayer; and tries to show that belief in a future life springs from purely natural means. This is the foe which Scripture is meeting to-day—Materialism. It is to be found in the works of writers on science; in works of fiction, in the club of the Socialist. It is widely entertained among a certain class of working-men. We think that the day of its ascendency is passing away. It has not satisfied the reason, as it has contradicted the teachings of faith. Notwithstanding its lengthened ascendency, and the greatness of the men by whom it has been professed, thinkers are becoming convinced that there is in the world around us, there is in our hearts, something that cannot be explained by natural law. Huxley, ere he died, perceived the change; he felt that the battle was going against him, and this feeling gave a bitter tone to his later writings, in which was

sometimes to be found personal invective rather than argument.

Such is a hasty glimpse of the conflict through which the Bible has passed, meeting foe after foe, and conquering them by its witness to the truth.

But this is only one aspect of the power of Scripture. There is another which reveals even more clearly its infinite value. We mean its power over the hearts of those who have yielded themselves to its influence. What a power these faded manuscripts showed in the lives of the early Christians! Many of them were poor; many of them were slaves; yet their homes and their lives were filled with peace and joy. And Peter could say of the Christians of Asia Minor regarding Christ: "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The Bible taught the early Christians to love one another, and to love the heathen world lying in wickedness. Scholars who have carefully read the history of the period, both religious and profane, tell us that the only men who had any sympathy with the sufferings of their fellow-men were those who held in their hands the Word of God—the despised Christians—a name, by-the-bye, which some of the elegant writers thought it vulgar to use.

These manuscripts, too, often faded and worn, conquered the Empire of Rome and conquered Rome's barbarian conquerors. They conquered Rome because they were sustained by the power of the Spirit of God. Silently the work was done, silently and without ostentation the Christian minister carried in his hand the Word of God, and won the heathen who lived without hope and without God in the world to accept of Jesus Christ.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Bible has shown the same power in modern times. It awoke Europe from its long sleep at the time of the Reformation. Carried by missionaries to the heathen, it has been to them as the message of life from death. Such has been its history in the islands of the Southern Seas, in Madagascar, and in Uganda. Such we believe will be its history in China and India and Africa.

The power of the Bible in Christian lands, too, has been as great, if less striking. Those who are to any extent acquainted with Christian biography must know what a source of comfort, strength and peace it has been to many hearts. It has brought solace to the invalid on her couch of pain; it has brought strength to the Christian worker battling with vice; it has brought peace to the soldier wounded on the battle-field; it has spoken the message of joy to the saint on his death-bed.

The Bible fills us with wonder also, not only on account of its spiritual and moral power, but also on account of the magnificence of its style. Placed side by side with any other writing, however eloquent, the Bible stands pre-eminent. Its truths are all written in letters of gold, beside which the eloquence of the most gifted is tarnished metal. This is either avowedly or tacitly admitted by profane writers themselves. Milton's eloquence is evidently mainly derived from his study of Scripture. What would Bunyan have been without the inspiration which the Bible gave him? Shakespeare was not a religious man; but he came under the spell of the Bible; and he is never so eloquent as when inspired by its teaching. The same is true of Goethe, who was also a stranger to religion. His greatest poem has received its in-

spiration from an incident in the life of the Saviour. Burns and Byron also came under the spell of Scripture ; and in their sweetest and noblest poems they have drawn their inspiration from Holy Writ.

Such being a feeble attempt to show the wonderful history and the wonderful power of Scripture, let us think what is its message and how that message should be studied. Its message, put briefly, is that of Redemption and Sanctification. In book after book it reveals to us the means by which God, who is infinitely holy, restores his sinful children to his favour, and enables them to grow in grace. Or, put more briefly, the Bible is the revelation of Jesus Christ. The attempt has been made to show that the teaching of the Old Testament differs from that of the New, that it is harsher in tone and breathes less of the love of God. It has also been averred that the moral teaching of the Old Testament is inferior to that of the New. Both opinions are erroneous, and are only conceivable as arising from a superficial study of Scripture. The message of the Old Testament is the same as that of the New. It is the message of redemption and sanctification. The moral teaching of the Old Testament is identical with that of the New. The same God is revealed in both—infinite in love, in holiness, in justice. The Old Testament is full of the Gospel—just as full of the Gospel as the story of the evangelists. The Pentateuch is the Gospel in history, in type and prophecy. The writer probably did not fully understand his own writing ; but he can hardly take up his pen without recording some aspect of the Gospel.

The Psalms are full of the Gospel. They tell us about the sufferings of Christ, about his death, about his resurrection. They tell us about the blessings of penitence, the punishment of sin. The thirty-second Psalm and the fifty-first Psalm are the story of the feast given by Simon, the Pharisee, as recorded in the New Testament. Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel are full of the Gospel. Isaiah contains the Gospel in miniature and the grand prophecy of the ultimate triumph of Jesus Christ. Hosea is the Old Testament version of the Prodigal Son. This then, is the secret of the power of Scripture ; it contains the record of man's forgiveness ; it contains the offer of grace that the believer may grow in grace.

We believe that one great reason why the beauty and power of Scripture are not always recognized by Christians is because they pursue erroneous methods of study, or, perhaps, they pursue no method at all. Some persons think they are studying the Bible when they open its pages haphazard, or when they read the Bible from beginning to end. By neither of these methods, however, can the treasures of Scripture be unlocked.

There are other plans which, we think, are infinitely superior to these. One is to study the different subjects opened up by Scripture ; and the other is to study the messages contained in its various books. Both of these methods should be followed by the diligent student of Scripture. Let him take the word "grace," for example, or "peace," or "holiness," or "faith," and study its meaning in the different passages where it occurs, and he will soon discover what a knowledge of Scripture this method gives him.

Or, to adopt the other plan, let him study one of the books of Scripture, the Gospel of John for instance, and learn what that book teaches regarding Jesus Christ.

Or let him take the Epistle to the Romans, and learn what that book has to teach him regarding our Saviour in relation to redemption and sanctification. If he steadily pursues these two methods of study, then every time he opens his Bible he will make a distinct step in advance ; the Bible will reveal to him new treasures of spiritual knowledge; he will learn more clearly the mind of the Spirit ; the conviction will more and more force itself upon him : " This is, indeed, the Word of God to me, a sinner needing forgiveness and power to grow in grace."

And, lastly, no method is complete unless the student treasures in his mind the very words of Scripture. It is when the very words of Scripture sink into his mind that they become seed-thoughts of spiritual life. They are like precious jewels revealing their lustre more and more and filling the whole nature with light and beauty.

Lachine, Que.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

In these evil changes Ann Carrick was greatly to be pitied ; for it was really on her head the weight—the long daily weight—of them fell. And her kirk-going was quite as great a trial to her as Andrew's had been to him. Indeed, it was even more humiliating and painful ; for men can never—try as hard as they will—be as spiteful, and as consistently and unwaveringly malicious and cruel, as women. The men of the congregation did not indeed positively annoy Ann ; the elder ones simply ignored her presence, and the younger ones, even while keeping apart from her, could not help a glance of pitying admiration for a girl so fair to see, and so bitterly humbled for " ither folks' ill-doing."

But the women stabbed her continually, whether they spoke or were silent, whether they tittered or frowned ; in every mood they compelled her to feel that they were thanking God they were not as Jeannie, nor even as Ann Carrick. Sabbath after Sabbath, Ann Carrick went through such a crucifixion as only women know how to inflict. She said to her father, " it was a' right " ; but Andrew suspected the truth, and Ann doubted her ability to endure it for very long. Indeed, had it not been for her father's sake, she would have asked permission to stay at home after the first month of such an experience, but she was terrified lest Andrew might espouse her quarrel, and do himself further injustice in the righting of her wrong. So the weary, sorrowful weeks passed by, marked as they went by a seventh day of peculiar wretchedness. Ann hoped, however, that if things could be kept at rest until the herring fishing, that event would put much, if not all, right. For Andrew Carrick had that wonderful prescience or instinct which always led him straight for the shoal of fish ; and his knowledge of the winds prevailing, and also his great physical strength, made him a very welcome addition to any fleet he joined.

Out on the moonlit ocean, while men were watching and waiting the midnight away, surely her father would find hearers and sympathizers ; some one friend who would sit with him and listen to him and help him to talk his sorrow away. Andrew had the same hope. In a fishing-boat he had always a kind of natural supremacy, and he would be among his own kind entirely. When they were alone with each other, they would surely listen to him ; and if he could only convince them of his justice and integrity, he felt that he could bear better the dislike and disapproval of the rest. So he waited anxiously for the herring season, and when it came he waited anxiously for the men to come up and ask him to join their fleet.

But no man came, and no man sent him a message, and he wondered and sorrowed at their silence. He had forgotten the few angry words he said to Peter Lochrigg on the night of Jeannie's flight ; but Peter had not forgotten them, and Peter was the leader of the little fishing colony, and had a great influence over his mates. So when some one spoke of Carrick and his usual help, Peter answered positively :

" I'm not for having anything to do wi' Andrew Carrick while the fishing lasts. He'll be the heighth and depth o' bad luck to us. It is shame enou'," he went on, " when a ruling elder makes himsel' responsible to the ceevil coorts, and incurs reproof and fine ; but when, not content wi' a' that, he rebels aginst Kirk authority, and is visibly neglectfu' of a' ordinances, it is a crime of a vera heinous nature."

" For a' that, and a' that," answered Sandy Simms, " Andrew Carrick is a prime fisher, and the kirk and the boats are twa different places."

Peter Lochrigg would not admit this view of the matter. " For my pairt," he said, "I am of opinion that to countenance such impiety is to be a pairtner in the sin o' it. And Andrew Carrick shall not help a herring into my boat. I'd be feared man and fish wad go to the bottom thegither."

And men who would have been hard to reason out of their opinions gave them away at once when their superstition was aroused. So Andrew saw the fishing-boats sail out of harbour for the first " take," and no one had come up to the Lone House to say, " Will you go wi' us to the fishing, Carrick ?" He turned in and sat down with an air of utter depression.

" The hand o' God is on me, Ann," he said mournfully ; " and the men are afeared to hae me in their boats."

Every time the boats went out or came in he could watch them from his open door ; and he never failed to give himself this fresh sorrow. Sometimes he was saddened to tears by the sight, but far more frequently he was roused to anger ; and doubtless if evil wishes could have wrecked the boats and broken the nets, or driven the fish far off, these things would have happened to the small fleet. But it had extraordinary good fortune ; and though Peter Lochrigg did not plainly say " it was the reward of their doing their duty fearless of any man's good or ill-will," he insinuated this idea in a hundred different ways, because it really was his own conviction.

Thus the fishing season, which had always been such a happy, busy time to Andrew, went away to a constant fret ; and Ann was reluctantly obliged to admit that it had added to her father's moody, irritable temper. Her anxiety on this subject was constantly increasing ; for Andrew was gradually permitting his " wrongs " to usurp

his whole existence. Indeed, early in November he began to abandon his trade. For three generations the Carricks had employed their winter days and spare hours in shoemaking ; and the men in the neighbourhood thought no shoe but a "Carrick boot" worth the buying.

Andrew had continued the trade, though all necessity for its exercise had long been over. But he loved the occupation. It employed him, and yet left his thought free. It was a quiet, sedentary trade. It allowed him to be in every respect his own master. Added to these reasons, he was by no means indifferent to the money he made at his bench. And while Jeannie sat sewing and singing beside him he never found the work tiresome or monotonous. He had listened to her chatter, or had told her to be quiet, precisely as it suited him ; and her goings in and out, and the bits of songs she hummed, had been all the company he wanted.

But in November he took a sudden hatred to his work. He could bear its loneliness and monotony no longer. The thoughts of his heart troubled him to extreme restlessness, as he sat with his lapstone ; and in his impatience he was constantly breaking even his strong waxed thread.

"Hae that wearisome bench put oot o' my sight !" he said to Ann one afternoon, as he flung down a boot he had just finished mending. "Put it oot o' my sight ; for I'll never sit another minute at it ! What for should I ?"

"Because all folks prize a Carrick boot, father. What for then will you stop making them ?"

"I'll make no more boots for folk that willna gie me a kind word. As for siller, God knows it is little siller and less thanks I get. Set by the bench, I'll never tak' another stitch."

CHAPTER VII.

Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh. —*Byron.*

The winter came early, and was tempestuous. It was seldom that the hardiest fisher dared to cast his lines ; and two of the men were compelled one hard night to cut them, and be thankful, if so losing them, they might save their own lives. The scarcity of fish meant the scarcity of money, and Andrew expected the men in straits to come to him for a little. They had done so for generations, and the debt had ever been faithfully settled at the next herring season. So Andrew went into Wigton, and supplied himself with the sum he thought would be necessary ; and then he watched eagerly for the borrowers

Ann advised him to send the money to the needy families, or, if not so, to take it with his own hand. "A kind word would make the siller a' the welcomer, father," she said. But this was a departure from the usual method, and Andrew very naturally thought it would be misjudged, perhaps resented. Peter Lochrigg was the greatest loser, and Andrew knew Peter's proud nature.

"Peter wad tell me that I was trying to buy his good will, Ann," he said hopelessly. "Vera likely he wad add that he required naething from me ; and the others, in the main, will do and say as Peter does and says."

"Go to Thomas Gilhaize."

"Thomas Gilhaize wad speir at me, 'When did I seek aught this year from you, Maister Carrick ?'"

"Jamie Buchan, then ?"

"Jamie wad hold up his head and tell me 'he was used to straits,

and could fight through them, with God's help.' Na ! na, Ann ! All o' them wad hae the proud word if I went among them and offered help; but oh, if they wad only seek it of me, I wad be mair than thankfu'."

However, no one did seek Andrew's help ; and the little piles of silver brought especially from Wigton bank—one for each cottage, and two piles over, in case of special hardship ; for Andrew was thinking of Peter Lochrigg's and James Laidlaw's lost lines—lay in his desk untouched, when mid-December had locked up land and sea, and made the little fishing village poor and dreary.

Why did they not come up, as some of them had done nearly every year of his life, and say, "Maister Carrick, we'll hae to tak' a few pieces o' siller from your hand ; and the herring, please God, will pay our debt in the summertime" ?

He had always met this request cheerfully. It was, indeed, a tradition of the Carricks that this service of love and dependence had never once failed. Hitherto the fishers in need had come to Carrick as simply and as trustfully as a child goes to its father. And Andrew had always counted this ability to aid his tenants as one of the greatest privileges of his position. But he felt now that his very readiness would be counted against him.

In this conviction he was not mistaken; for when Laidlaw spoke of asking Carrick's help to get new lines, Peter Lochrigg answered passionately,—

"We will nane o' us go near the unlucky body. I'll ne'er forget the self-satisfied face on him when he handed poor Joe Tyree a few shillings last springtime."

"Joe didna think any wrong o' him then."

"Keep your mouth shut, James Laidlaw. I hae a plan o' my ain, and it willna include Andrew Carrick, I can tell you ! I wad sell my boat before I'd tak a bawbee from him. Naething's lucky that has his name,—house, nor land, nor boat, nor siller."

"If we can do without him"—

"If he can do without the ordinances, we can do without him, though we be called "Carrick Fishers.' Humff ! Humff !"

So the fishers did without Andrew ; and Andrew brooded on this undeserved rejection of long loving-kindness until the brooding produced a kind of insanity. He could think of nothing else, and he could talk of nothing else. Day by day he was creating the sinful atmosphere which would make greater sin possible to him. Ann watched his moods with growing fright. He walked to the house-place, or the cliff, hour after hour, muttering to himself. He ate little and he slept less. He grew gaunt and savagely gloomy. He had fits of rage which made her fly from his presence in terror. She spent half her time by night, as well as by day, in watching him. Frequently in the midnight darkness she would creep to his door, and stand there shivering with cold and fright, listening to his restlessness, and his muttered accusations and complainings.

One terrible thought haunted her,—if he should take his own life ! For suicide in those days, and especially in such religious and isolated localities, was held as a mortal shame and cowardice. All good men averted their eyes from it. It was spiritually the sin of Judas,—the unpardonable sin of one who already felt the sentence of his own exclusion from the Divine Mercy.

Ann knew that if her poor father should be so far left to himself as

to take his life, that she must die of shame and sorrow. It would cut her quite off from the Visible Church, and from the friendship and notice of her fellow-creatures. How slant would be the looks of recognition, how cold the words of courtesy that would be given to a suicide's daughter! The sins of her father and sister both would fall upon her; and when these thoughts pressed, as they often did, she would run in a sweat of agony to assure herself that such a calamity was as yet only in her own apprehension.

In her desperate strait she began to think of stealing away in the night to Peter Lochrigg. She thought that if she told Peter the whole truth, he would surely have pity on his old friend, and come, not only to get help for himself, but to give help and comfort to a man so nearly distracted. She would tell Peter that it was not wounded pride, but wounded love, that was killing them both; and surely Sarah Lochrigg would take pity on her sore womanly trouble.

But such natures as Ann Carrick's have to be certain they are right before they dare to take an unusual step; and Ann's intentions were delayed,—first, by conscientious scruples, and then by a long stretch of unfaceably stormy weather. And so, while she was waiting and watching and hesitating, the opportunity passed away. Alas, alas! how difficult it is to know those fortunate hours in which it is possible to arrest misfortune, or to turn the threatened evil into a blessing! If we could only read the horoscope of our days, we should watch for these golden moments as they who watch for the morning.

One morning, while Ann was still in this state of almost despairing hesitation, the postman, Norman Dalzell, brought a letter from Edinburgh to Andrew. It was a bitterly cold, stormy day, and Carrick asked the man to come in and warm himself before going any farther. The invitation was accepted, and the two men sat and smoked by the fireside, and talked of the weather, and of the many fatalities which it had brought about. Then, in the commonplace way of a man who is stating a fact known to everyone, Dalzell said,—

"Factor Blair is a good man, Maister Carrick; but there is nane that is likely to ken that better than your ain sel'. Folks are a' praising him for the kind deed done to the poor tenants o' yours."

Andrew looked up as if he had been struck in the face. "What is your meaning, Dalzell?" he asked. And there was such a mighty passion in his voice that Dalzell rose to his feet, and began to button his coat. "What is your meaning, man? Speak oot, and speak plain!"

"There is naething to hinder plain speech, Maister Carrick, naething at a'. I am sure I thought you knew, if anybody was like to know, that Factor Blair had gi'en thae fishers wha' lost their lines, twenty pounds. They say it cam' from the Earl himsel'. Think o' that, noo! Peter Lochrigg asked the factor for the loan o' a few pounds to help past the hard winter, and the factor gied him twenty pounds. He gied it with a very kind-like letter from the Earl's ain hand; and if you had read the Wigton Gazette o' last week you would ha kent a' about it. I'm sure folk in Port Braddon hae gone on anent the matter as if the Earl had gien a vera fortune awa'."

"You can go your ways now, Dalzell. I hae got from you what I aye get if I try to do a bit kindness."

"You asked me inside yoursel',

Andrew Carrick; or I hadna thought o' crossing your door-stone. I might have kent that I wad get the ill word before I left your fireside. You gie it to every-body, friend or foe. Whatna for are you angry the noo? Is nae-body to do a good turn but Andrew Carrick? Tut! Tut, man! I wadna be sae eat up wi' envy and jealousy if I was you."

Andrew did not answer his accuser; he had dropped his head, and he did not even lift it to look at his depa ting visitor. Ann with a few gentle words hurried him away, and then she drew a stool to her father's side, and sat down beside him. He would not speak of the subject, but began to talk of the cattle and the cheese. And he laughed in a way that terrified Ann,—loud, scornful peals, that were a pitifully unnatural expression of a wounded soul, defying the contemptible enemies that tortured it.

Now, Andrew Carrick never laughed as an outcome of happiness—a general brightening of his dark face answering to the smile of gayer men; and this hysterical mockery finally made Ann lose all control of herself. She answered it with heart-broken sobs; and then the father forgot his own pain in his child's fear. Then also Ann ventured to speak to him of her agonizing terror,—that his unmerited suffering might cause him to lose the balance of his judgment; and she entreated him to open his heart to his true friend.

"Go to Edinburgh, and tell Cousin Cosmo everything you have been made to suffer, father," she urged. "He will give you both good counsel and true sympathy."

"I will go," answered Andrew; "I will go as soon as the New Year is over. I promise you, Ann."

"Dinna wait for the New Year, father. Go the morn. You are ill with sorrow, and you want a man that likes you, to talk your trouble away, and help you to find Him who isna far from any of us, —Him who knows every wrong you have been made to thole—baith from friends and foes."

But Andrew had set his heart on waiting until New Year's Day was over; and Ann—who knew his motive for this delay—was full of fear for the result. For on New Year's Day the men from the cottages always made a point of calling upon Andrew. Then they paid him their rents, and talked over the business of the past year, and the prospects of the coming season. Then they ate and drank together, and thus began another year with reciprocal good wishes for each other's health and prosperity.

If all other ties were forgotten, this was a tie of mutual interest, and would surely remain intact. And it promised him the opportunity he longed for. For the men usually came separately, or in couples, and he could talk over his case with them, as man to man, and appeal to the long affection and alliance which had existed between them.

"And you can show them the money you have ready for their needs, father," said Ann. "They will have to believe the sight of the siller."

Andrew shook his head. "I canna do it, Ann," he answered. "They wad think, and they wad say, it was easy getting money when I kent it wad not be required."

"You can show them your bank-book; they can see for themselves that it has been lying for a month or mair."

"Lassie! A' things—even good things—go against me these days.

Blair gave the twenty pound the vera day before I went to Wigton."

"Well, father, you have the plea in your heart ready, and I never knew your tongue to turn against you. You will be able, at the hour, to say the right word and the strong word, and they will be queer folk you canna convince."

"I hope sae, my bairn! I hope sae! God in his mercy help me!"

New Year's Day was bright and clear, and Andrew dressed himself with some care. Last New Year the house had been busy with callers and well-wishers the whole day long. Surely Andrew could not have lost every friend he had in one twelvemonth. Ann put the house in holiday trim, took out the damask cloths and napkins, and the best crystal and china, and set the table with all the modest luxuries at her command.

She also put on her kirk dress and her pretty blue ribbon snood, and thus tried hard to give some feeling of hope and holiday to the forlorn dwelling. Then how slowly and yet how rapidly the hours ticked themselves away! Andrew walked about the floor, for it gave him an opportunity to watch the road from the shingle. But it was not until afternoon that anyone trod it. Then Peter Lochrigg was seen coming, and Andrew sat down in his chair to wait for him.

He knocked at the door, and Ann opened it. With a civil message and the usual New Year's greetings he handed her a package. "It hauds the rent money, Ann," he said; "just gie it to Maister Carrick, with oor respects. I'm speaking for the all o' us."

"Come in, Peter," she pleaded; "do!"

"It's no possible, Ann," he said; "for my daughter Meg has come o'er from Wigton wi' her little lass, and you ken it is the first grandchild, and there's a bit gathering at my house to welcome it. Sae I promised my gude wife not to ware a minit mair than needs be."

"But, Peter, come in!" Her eyes were full of tears, and she heard her father muttering angrily. She trembled and hesitated, and, before she could make another plea, Peter had turned away. Then she shut the door and laid the money down on the table. Andrew had heard every word; there was no necessity to say anything. She looked at him pitifully; he was sitting bent forward in a kind of despair.

"Well, Ann?"

"I hae naething to say, father. I feel maist broken-hearted. For a' men are cruel to you, and you have done naething wrong to deserve it."

Then he struck the arm of his chair with his open hand, and said with an intense passion, "Nae man has ever been worse wounded in the house o' his friends than I hae been. Grahame was aye and ever mine enemy. Ill words and ill deeds I expectit frae him. Naething but the grace o' God in his heart could hae prevented them. But the men o' 'Carricks' for generations hae eat the Carrick bread, and drank oot o' oor cup. My forbears and their forbears struck hands together after the battle of Drumclog, when they were a' fleeing for their lives, and when Carrick's purse was the only purse amang them. And in their necessity it has never since been closed to them. My God is my witness! Never has any man been sae ill treated."

He believed it with all his soul; and Ann believed it also. She was indignant with Peter, and the weaker men who took Peter's word against their own long experience of her father's kindness. But with Andrew the root of bitterness was not so much with man

as with God. In a real anguish he cried out, "God might have undertaken for me, and he has not. God sees my innocency, and he doesna justify me. God hears my enemies railing against me, and he doesna shut their mouths. God kens weel how they hate me, and plot against me, and yet he doesna prevent their evil devices from coming to pass."

In his heart he accused God of a species of ingratitude to him. He had given him a taste of victory, and then turned it into shame. He had suffered his enemies to triumph over him. He had withheld from him the secret consolation of his mercy. In his best moods he likened himself to Job or Jonah, and waited for the Lord to explain himself to him. And if at this time he had been told that the Devil was deceiving him, he would not have listened ; for he was deceiving himself, and the worst of all frauds is to cheat one's own soul.

It was in vain that Ann now urged him to go to Edinburgh. He said Cosmo Carrick was the one only friend left him, and he wouldna run the risk o' losing his friendship. "God himsel' doesna like complaining folk, Ann," he said, "and I be to complain. What else at all is left to me ? Am I stronger or wiser than King David ? and yet thae Psalms o' his are just fu' o' tears and mourning."

"Ay, ay, father ! but David's mourning has aye a song at the end o' it. Tak your Bible and see for yoursel'. There is no harm in complaining o' your troubles, if you will also say, as David aye says, in one way or another, 'The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.' O father, if you would just sing with David, as well as complain with him !"

"Sing if you can, Ann Carrick. I'm no hindering you. But my heart knows its ain bitterness, and there's nane but God can intermeddle wi' its sorrow."

After this event the winter passed most wretchedly away. Proud, passionate, ardent, suffering of any kind occasioned Andrew an amazement bordering on rebellion. He felt under it the indignation of a king's son upon whose purple a slave has laid his hands. His soul retaining little of its high origin but pride, dealt with its Maker in a presumptuous spirit. The sentiment of his own sinfulness did not strike him ; and the necessity of being purified though as by fire and sword made him angry. He constantly believed himself to have "washed his hands in innocency," and to have done so all in vain.

Even as regarded the judgment of men, his own case seemed to him to be peculiarly unjust. His daughter had been no deeper in the actual transgression of domestic duties than Grahame's son had been ; and he was now more sure than ever that Grahame's words had well deserved and justified the knock-down he gave him. Yet Grahame, if anything, was in higher esteem than he had ever before been, while he was treated with that negative reproof which is worse than many stripes.

Very frequently Grahame passed the Lone House, and always in the company of Factor Blair or the Rev. Mr. Begg, of the Established Church, or else with some rich cattle-dealer or farmer. Intentionally or accidentally, he was generally in high spirits ; and his loud, domineering voice and scornful guffaw of laughter was the acme of torture to Andrew's supersensitive self-esteem. He was sure that Grahame was mocking him, defying him, trying to irritate him into some flagrant act of unwise resentment.

For Grahame did not show to

the public any sign of the bitter disappointment he felt in his son's foolish marriage. Yet he did suffer, and that very keenly. Walter was his only son, and he had looked to him to marry some wealthy girl in his own rank, and then take a share in the big business he had built up for him. He had two daughters ; but both had married men personally objectionable to him, besides holding religious and political opinions radically opposed to his own. His wife was dead. Walter, therefore, had been the hope and the pride of his life. He admired the lad's beauty, his sunny temper, and his skill in many things. He reminded him of his own youth; and he was rather proud of his extravagances, and of his abilities concerning many things of which he himself was ignorant.

In fact, Grahame's loss was just as great as Andrew's, as far as domestic hopes were concerned; and Grahame suffered in his own way quite sufficiently to have satisfied Andrew's desire for vengeance—if Andrew had only known it. But he hardly considered this side of the question at all. He could not believe that anyone had ever been so cruelly wronged as he had been, or that anyone had the capacity to suffer as he suffered.

Alas for Andrew Carrick ! A victim of the world's misapprehensions and of his own errors, mortified, devoured as by a barren pain, a prey to the delirium of pride, unsocial, ashamed even of his sufferings, he rapidly became an egotist of the worst type. For when a man is his own god, how can he possess the God of heaven ?

He was in this way thoroughly self-absorbed, and so he never noticed the change in his daughter Ann. Her household tasks and her constant watch over her father began ere this winter was over to tell fearfully even upon her perfect health and calm temperament. She had too much to do, even if she had had no other care but the house and dairy ; but her work was delayed and hampered perpetually by her father's necessities. Even this might have been borne, if she had been able to sleep ; but she was virtually on watch all day and all night, and finally she lost her appetite, and food was like ashes in her mouth. As the spring came on she was compelled frequently to hide herself for half an hour and take a good cry, that she might even temporarily relieve the weight of work and despair that was eating her young life away.

One lovely day in April Andrew appeared to be more reasonable and hopeful, and Ann persuaded him to go to Port Braddon.

" You are forgetting what like the world is, father," she said ; " and there's things for the house needed—and if you canna go I will just hae to try and go mysel'—and I'm not feeling very able—I'm feeling very badly, father—and I would like to speak with the doctor."

Her voice trembled ; she had to sit down : it was difficult to keep back the tears she knew would anger her father. But he looked at her sharply as she made her most modest complaint, and he was shocked at the wan, shrunken face of the once blooming Ann Carrick.

" Why didna you speak ere this, Ann ?" he asked.

" You have been that full o' sorrow, father, that I couldna bear to add one drop to it. But if I dinna get help soon, I'm feared I'll be in my bed, and then we shall be forced to have strangers in the house—and I'm sure that would be a great fret to you."

" Strangers in the house ! God forbid ! That would be the last

drop in the black cup given me to drink. You shouldna hae run a risk like that, Ann ; for my sake, no to speak o' your ain. But I'll hae the doctor here soon, my lassie, and keep up if you can. I think shame o' mysel' for not noticing your white face before. I'm feared I hae been very selfish and vera unkind to you, Ann, my bairn."

"It isna in you to be unkind to man, woman, or beast, father. I didna speak, and you didna see. Folk be to complain ere they can expect help."

"O Ann!" he answered, "if God would only listen to my complaining as readily and willingly as I listen to yours! But he has hid his face far from me."

"O father, if"—

"Never mind, my bairn. I'll awa' to Port Braddon as fast as my pony will trot me there."

Now, Andrew had not been in Port Braddon for many months, and the changes going on there astonished him. Some capitalists had found out its excellent harbour, and its contiguity to the Irish coast, and had determined to make it the depot of a line of small steamers between the two countries. A ship-building yard and a new pier were in progress. Andrew had never seen so many men and horses and carts working together in all his life. There was something revolutionary in their very aspects; he could feel that the old town was passing away before them.

Indeed, many of the old houses were putting on new fronts, and new houses were being built in all directions. Almost the first ones Andrew saw were a row of small cottages, called "Grahame Terrace." In fact, the drowsy little seaport had been awakened; action, bustle, enterprise, were in every part of it. The wages of stone-masons and builders had nearly doubled; several fresh stores had been opened, and there was a prospectus for a newspaper nailed up in the bar of the public, where Andrew always fed his pony. Everyone he met seemed full of business and pressed for time.

Quite in accord with all this stir and movement was the bright, bustling, important Free Kirk minister, who was the first person to accost Andrew after he entered the town. He said he rejoiced to see him again—and that his place in the kirk had missed him too long. He hoped he had quite recovered, and was sure his old friends would be delighted to welcome him back to kirk on the next Sabbath morning.

He quite ignored the fact that Andrew had always refused to see him in all his pastoral calls. He would not notice the dour, disapproving face that answered all his pleasant platitudes. He was not even dashed by Andrew's curt, "Good day to you, sir,"—the only words he chose to say in reply to so many kind hopes and wishes. Perhaps it was a generous oblivion on the minister's part, but Andrew's perversity only considered it an additional offence.

"He is just the maist exasperating o' men," he said to Ann, when he told her of the interview. "He treated me as if I was a bairn—a spoiled, petted bairn, wha had to be humoured, and whose anger wasna worth the minding."

"I am so sorry, father."

"Aye ; so am I. That nevermind way o' his isna meenisterial. I wad hae respectit him mair if he had said to me, 'Carrick, you are wrong. It is your duty to come to kirk ; and you grieve God, and are going to the Devil, by not being diligent in the ordinances.' If he had spoken in that fashion, I wad hae answered him ; and good

might hae perhaps come o' the words. But to be fleeched and flattered, and the excuse o' sickness put into my mouth, was mair than I could thole wi' patience."

"He meant kindly, father. Some folk haven't the sense o' St. Paul; they canna put themselves in the place o' others, so as to win them to the right way. You should look over his ignorance, father."

"Such ignorant men shouldna push themsel's into the ministry. Cosmo Carrick would hae met me like as if I was a man. He would hae reasoned with me. If he thought it needfu' he wad hae reproved me with reproofs suitable to my age and experience o' sorrow. But I canna bide this young man. I canna bide that smile o' his, and his loud voice, and his look o' parfect contentment wi' this sinfu', wearfu' warld."

As they talked thus of the minister, the doctor arrived. He found Ann very sick and feeble, and he positively forbade her to leave her bed for some days. He said "the girl was fairly run to the ground, and that it would be a very fortunate thing if they were able together to ward off a long attack of typhoid fever." Andrew now had the choice of two courses, both unpleasant to him,—he could do the housework, and attend to the milking himself; or he could hire some woman to take Ann's place in these matters. He chose rather to work than to thole a stranger in his home; and the distraction from himself, small as it was, did him good.

Fortunately, also, the doctor was a man of a good-humoured, politic temper. He had no objections to join Andrew in a prudent condemnation of the Free Kirk elders, and of David Grahame. And he was quite ready to indorse Andrew's opinion of the Free Kirk minister. "He has very free, loud ways with him," he said; "and I think his visits are very prejudicial to my patients. He's not a popular man at all." And Andrew felt this circumstance to be gratifying.

"He doesna deserve to be popular," he answered. "Ministers should stand on their dignity, and not try fleech and flatter folk. They shouldna mak' excuses for folk either. I didna thank him for makin' one for me. I wad as soon accuse mysel' as excuse mysel'. They are much and about the same thing."

"What excuse did he make for you, Carrick? What have you been doing wrong, I wonder?"

"I havena been to kirk lately—I hae sufficient reasons for not going. And he pretended to think it was naething but sickness that kept me awa'! I am not a sick man, and he kent it weel enou'."

"But you are not looking as you used to, I can say that, Carrick; and as soon as your daughter is better, I would just take my fowling-piece and go awa' to the hills every day for a few hours. It will be a good thing for you."

"I dare say it would. I'm obliged to you for thinking o' it."

"There's nothing like Nature, Carrick," he said. "When a man is sick to death of men and women there's naething like Nature. She never yet betrayed the heart that loves her. Tut, man! put from you all thoughts of David Grahame and thae weary Kirk elders, and the minister himsel', and go your ways up to the tip-top of the mountains. You'll breathe an ampler air there, free of the fret and noise of this world. And you'll have none but God to overlook you, and may, if you like, walk abreast with the angels."

The more Andrew thought of this idea, the more he was pleased with it. In fact, the doctor's influence over him was very good.

He took down his seldom used gun, and cleaned it well. And as he did so he remembered how the persecuted men in all ages had fled to the mountains and unplanted places of the earth; and there was a kind of comfort in putting himself among such company.

Perhaps it was this new hope for her father that helped Ann to a more speedy recovery. At any rate, by the end of May, she was going about the house and dairy as usual; and then Andrew began to take to the hills and moors as steadily as if it was his daily labour.

But solitude was not what this man wanted. And there is no voice in Nature that cries to the children of men, "Return!" So Andrew remained spiritually as far astray, as lonely and forgotten of God and man, as ever.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK.

I.

Through the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day,
Hastened one whom all saluted as he sped along his way;
In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere,
And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear.
Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire,
Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the fire.

"I have won!" he cried, exultant; "I have saved a cause from wreck,
Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck!
Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great;
I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the State!"

Languidly she turned to listen, and decorous was her pretence,
And her cold patrician features mirrored forth indifference:
"Men are always scheming, striving for some petty end," said she;
Then, a little yawn suppressing—"What is all of this to me?"

II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they quenched the sunset glow,
Came the other, faring homeward, with dejected step and slow,
Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before,
Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.
"I have lost!" he faltered faintly. "All is over," with a groan;
Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own.

Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness,
Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress,
And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea
Said, "If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me?"

III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone,
Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone;
While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased
And the haggard light returning flecked the melancholy east.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment,
And he thrust his cares behind him with an infinite content;
Recking not of place and power and the smiles of those above,
For his darkness was illumined by the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost,
And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

RULING IDEAS OF THE AGE.*

BY THE REV. W. GALBRAITH, PH.D., LL.B.

This is the latest and one of the best works written by Dr. Gladden. Everything that has come from his pen is clear, thoughtful and vigorous. This work is a prize essay, and contains eleven chapters on the following important subjects: Change Your Minds; the Doctrine of Fatherhood; the Doctrine of Brotherhood; the One and the Many; the Sacred and the Secular; the Law of Property; Religion and Politics; Public Opinion; Pharisaism; One but Twain; Ruling Ideas. These subjects cover the most practical subjects of the age in which we live. The change of mind is not treated as the repentance necessary to approach the kingdom of God, but the change involved in the present day new conceptions of Christian life and duty. The change is one of constant progress as men advance to higher altitudes in Christian civilization.

Those who make personal satisfaction in religion their main concern, are likely to have co-existing with it, a high degree of selfishness. With them individual rights count for everything, and social obligations for little or nothing. It approves of unrestricted competition, and adopts as its motto, "Every man for himself." We must be careful not to carry to extremes either individualism or socialism. They are two extremes, and must be properly adjusted. The one logically leads to anarchism, and the other subordinates the rights and the independent life of the individual to the interests of society. Neither is favourable to the production of the highest types of character. Individualism is like a sand-heap; socialism is like a chemical compound; but the best type of humanity is a living organism. Each member of the body has its own identity, but all combined are essential to the larger unity. It is through the service which each organ supplieth that the organism lives and grows.

The separation of life into sacred and secular is one of the most irreligious ideas that the human mind can entertain. It is borrowed from the old Gnostic dualism, and gave birth to the papal hierarchy, and also to Antinomianism. We must get rid of the idea that man can break the commandments of God and still be very religious, or that personal religion and morality can be separated.

Christ came to make all life divine. All work in which man has a right to engage is, in its deepest sense sacred. The right use of property; all productive and useful occupations, and all rightful relations and duties are designed to be so many means of holding fellowship with God. On the other hand, many men in their daily occupation are antagonizing the Almighty. They push their industrial and commercial combinations in a manner so selfish, so oppressive and so tyrannical that their whole work tends to destroy the sympathy and good will which makes society possible. Their fortunes are built upon the ruins of others. Dire and deadly is the work of these destroyers. The only plants that grow on the wayside over which they have passed are the nettles and the brambles of resentment and ill-will.

The business man should make his property subservient to those whom he supplies, and those whom he employs, as well as to himself. He is doing God's will when he fills all his relations to others and all his business acts with the spirit of Christ. In business, man should be a partner with God for the highest well-being of his fellow-men.

The common sentiment is that politics are irretrievably bad. This prevalent conception is totally and horribly erroneous. To every true citizen political duties are imperative and sacred. In the selection of our official representatives, we should hear the voice of the King of kings. Popular opinion is no standard of right. A thing that is wrong cannot be made right by the vote of the entire populace. But the voice and vote of the people may give direction and effective power to the government of a country. Usually legislation crystallizes public opinion into statutes. It is of vast importance to create and maintain a pure and exalted public opinion—one that is wise and strong, and that will elect men of uncompromising fidelity to responsible

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positions, and who will make and execute righteous laws. The press, the pulpit, and every good citizen, ought to put forth every reasonable effort to form a sound and safe public opinion.

Pharisaism puts its emphasis upon externals and ceremonial observances. Christianity puts its emphasis upon spirit and life and great principles and perfection of character. Strange as it may seem, the former has intruded itself into the latter. It still rifles and robs; and then gives large donations to benevolent objects. The Church is in danger of condoning it, when it wears the cloak of religion with capacious pockets, out of which large donations of hush-money are handed over for religious purposes.

Egoism and altruism are both comprehended in the teaching of Jesus. Love yourself and love your neighbour. Character is not made by inherent force of will, nor by environment, but by the two in constant operation.

Social reformers go to the two extremes of blaming, on the one side, the political and industrial systems; and on the other, the lazy, shiftless, wasteful, unreasonable condition of the working people. The truth lies between these two extremes. The environment and the men both need mending.

Christian society is an organic unity, and will become universal. The kingdom of God is here, but will yet fill the earth. Suppose, now, good-will should be substituted for greed, the event would be the coming of Christ to the world with power and great glory.

On the whole, this book is packed full of fresh, vigorous thought. It would be all the more valuable if the author's mind had been more free from local and national influences.

INDUCTIVE BIBLE STUDY.

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The inductive method of study is one of the most important characteristics of modern science. To it is very largely due the rapid advance of the modern world in all fields of investigation. Its distinguishing characteristic is its appeal to facts. The old deductive method started from premises sometimes purely hypothetical, sometimes founded on popular convictions or prejudices, often professedly founded on Scripture, but really on a very crude or erroneous interpretation of a single passage of Scripture, and from these premises it drew its logical conclusion.

By such a method, however perfect the logic, it is evident that no conclusion can be derived of one whit more value than the premises from which it was deduced. The stream cannot possibly rise higher than the fountain, however perfect the aqueduct. No substantial progress in the knowledge of truth could be made by this method. It could at best give only new forms or new applications of truth already known.

The inductive method, on the other hand, concentrates its attention on the premises. These it seeks by careful observation to establish as facts. Its fundamental principles may be stated in the following aphorisms:

1. Be sure of your facts, that they have been fully and accurately observed.

2. Be sure that if possible you have all the facts bearing on your subject.

3. Compare them with each other and arrange them in their natural order, which may be the order of time, or of cause and effect, or of principal and subordinate, etc.

4. From the facts thus fully understood you may then proceed with safety to deduce your conclusions.

In matters of religious truth it is accepted ground that our great source of facts is the Bible. The inductive study of the Bible is simply the application of the inductive method to the Bible as the source of religious truth. This follows as a matter of course from Protestant principles, and has in fact been practised more or less thoroughly ever since the time of the Reformation. Anything like a perfect application of the principles of the inductive method to Bible study has become possible, however, only through the perfected exegesis and the biblical theology of our own time. Only by these helps can our observation of the facts, *i.e.*, our interpretation of the individual texts of Scripture, be as full and accurate as is necessary.

All the passages embraced in our inductive study should be carefully interpreted in the light of the best principles of exegesis.

The inductive method absolutely forbids us to found a general conclusion on a single fact, *i.e.*, upon a single passage of Scripture. The wider the induction, *i.e.*, the greater the number of facts, or passages, the more perfectly established is the conclusion. This is due not to any inherent lack of authority or certainty in a single passage or fact, but to the lack of means of perfect understanding when we cannot compare line with line and precept with precept. It is, however, very clear that there is no important religious truth which is mentioned but once in the Bible.

The field of inductive study may be the whole Bible, or the Old Testament, or the New Testament, or some one part of these, such as the Pentateuch, or the Synoptic Gospels, or the Pauline Epistles, or the Gospel and Epistles of St. John. In every case the field should be arranged as far as possible chronologically, *e.g.*, in the study of Paul's Epistles begin with the earliest and take them in the order of writing.

An exception may be made from this rule in case the subject of inductive study is specially treated in some one passage or book, *e.g.*, the doctrine of justification by faith is so fully treated in the Epistle to the Romans that any inductive study of the subject would most naturally and easily begin with that book and would add all other Scripture as accessory, either by showing the preparation of the complete doctrine or its complementary development later.

Inductive study is always concerned with a subject, it may be doctrinal or historical or practical. In any case the induction must centre around some one topic, and its object is to concentrate the light of all available information on that topic. There is properly no such thing as the inductive study of a book. The mistake is quite common of late to call any careful historical or exegetical study of a book or passage of Scripture inductive, but this is a misnomer. The inductive method is very properly applied to the investigation of the various questions which arise about a book, its author, its scope, its argument, etc. But in every case the induction is concerned with some particular subject or question rather than with the book as a whole.

The proper method of studying a book is the analytic, and this should always precede inductive study. Analytic study enables us to understand the book both as a whole and in each of its logical parts or subdivisions. Any passage required for inductive purposes is thus understood in its connection.

Inductive study is thus not the foundation, but rather the culmination of biblical study. It always presupposes such a preliminary study as results in a proper understanding and interpretation of the text of Scripture, and it gathers up from the great fountain of truth its important doctrines in all their rich fulness and in their varied completeness of presentation, for the instruction and practical edification of the Church.

THE HOME CLASS DEPARTMENT.

BY J. J. MACLAREN, Q.C., LL.D.

The Home Class Department is the latest addition to Sunday-school work, and one of the most promising aids to systematic Bible study. For its inception and development we are indebted, chiefly, to Dr. Duncan, the well-known secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly. It is now over fifteen years since he first endeavoured to carry out the idea; but the chief progress has been made within the last five years. It is not a new organization, but rather an extension of the Sunday-school.

Recognizing the fact that there are many people who either will not or cannot attend the Sunday-school, the design is to induce them to undertake to study the regular Sunday-school lesson at home, for at least half an-hour each week. They are waited upon at regular intervals, usually quarterly, by visitors who collect the record cards filled up with the time devoted to the lesson each week, and leave with them the lesson helps and blank record cards for the ensuing period. All those under the same visitor are considered a class, and the aggregate of the classes makes up the Home Department

of the school. The reports are all handed in to an officer of the school and they are all recognized as members.

As may be imagined, the success of the scheme depends almost entirely upon the faithfulness and efficiency of the visitors. It has now been sufficiently tried to establish satisfactorily the fact that it is admirably adapted to widely different communities, from the prosperous city church to the sparsely settled rural neighbourhood. It would be difficult to find a church or locality where there is not at least sufficient material for such a work. Those who are not able to attend the Sunday-school on account of distance, or home-duties, or want of health; or persons who are frequently absent, such as commercial travellers, railway employees, and the like, have in many cases been induced in this way to take up the systematic study of the Word of God under the International Lesson system. If parents or other adult members of families where the children attend the Sunday-school join the Home Class Department, and especially if at family worship the daily readings of the International Bible Reading Association are adopted, the additional interest created is very marked.

It has been thought by many that one of its effects would be to furnish an excuse for some giving up the Sunday-school on the plausible ground that they can now study the lesson at home. Experience, however, has shown that this is a fallacy. A few illustrations may be given. In a city Sunday-school, numbering eight hundred members, with a Home Department of two hundred and seventy-five, no less than one hundred and thirty-one students were transferred in nineteen months from the Home Department to the main school. They had become so much interested in the study of the Word of God, and so influenced by the continual invitation of the visitors that they were induced to make this change.

At the Provincial Sunday-school Convention, held in the Elm St. church, in this city, in October, 1893, the subject was presented in a very convincing way by the Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, of Rochester, N.Y., who spoke from an experience of two years. One of those who listened to him was a pastor from a small western town, who resolved to give it a trial. At the Convention in October, 1895, he was able to report that he had over two hundred members enrolled, chiefly in the country districts surrounding the town. Among the beneficial results mentioned by him were the promotion of Christian conversation, and family worship, and family religion in the homes; valuable spiritual and social work done by the visitors; large increase in the attendance at the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting and the preaching services. Such appears to be the almost invariable testimony of those who have given the scheme a fair trial, and who have succeeded in securing an efficient corps of visitors.

A STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

In the silence of the morning, through the softly-rising mist,
As the chrysolite of dawning ripened into amethyst,
Came a voice so clear, peremptory, that my soul could not but list:
"Unto thyself be true."

In the rush and swirl of noontide, 'mid a gale of voices loud,
And keen eyes that flashed their lightnings over faces thunder-browed,
Came a voice imperious, alien to the voices of the crowd:
"Be to thy brother true."

In the calmness of the evening, when the winds had sunk to rest,
When no earthquake heaved its fury, burned no fire within my breast,
Came a still small voice so tender, it the heart of Christ confessed:
"Unto thy God be true."

Then I saw all selfish longings were far other than divine,
And the shrunken deeds of mercy lean as Pharaoh's hungry kine;
Be that sound of gentle stillness ever in this heart of mine:
"Unto thy God be true."

Delhi, Ont.

ENGLAND IN AFRICA.*

It is more difficult to get a well-digested account of the events of the last fifty years than of the times of the Cæsars or Antonines. Hence the importance of the service which Mrs. Latimer has rendered English readers in her recent books on France, Russia, and Turkey, and England in the nineteenth century. She condenses in a single volume what one can only otherwise find in endless files of newspapers, magazines and reviews.

Thirty years ago the interior of Africa was a vast unexplored region. It is now nearly all partitioned out between the great powers of Europe. Already the jealousies of their respective frontiers and spheres of influence threaten the peace of the world. We have no reason to be ashamed of the preponderant influence of Great Britain in this great country. While her combined possessions cover less area than those nominally under the control of France, much of the latter is in the great desert of Sahara, while in her civilizing and Christianizing influence Britain surpasses all the rest together.

Four interesting chapters are given to the recent history of Egypt and the Soudan. The recklessness of the Turkish rulers is astonishing. Mehemet Ali actually proposed to Lesseps to tear down the great pyramid of Gizeh to make a dam on the Nile. He pulled down the temples of Abydos, Arsenoe and many others to build his manufactories, and only a wholesome fear of European intervention prevented further vandalism.

The story of the revolt of Arabi Pasha is well told. Some hundreds of European and native Christians were killed in the busy commercial city of Alexandria, the very boot-blacks in the street taking part in the fray. The guns of the British fleet and the forces under Colonel Wolseley soon put an end to Arabi's revolt, and a handful of British cavalry, making a forced march over desert sands of one hundred and thirty miles in two days, took possession of Cairo with its population of four hundred thousand and its garrison of ten thousand men.

On the deck of a Nile steamer, from the lips of a British officer who took part in the campaign, we heard the story of this vigorous campaign by sea and land. It did us good to see the Royal Staffordshire Regiment holding the citadel of Cairo, the stronghold of the Mamelukes; and, on the borders of Nubia, a dapper English subaltern, with his Soudanese camel corps, were a guarantee of law and order and liberty beneath the tropic.

The story of General Gordon, the modern Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, is like a page of ancient chivalry. At Khartoum, which he held for Egypt, he put up boxes at the gates to receive petitions from the people. He inspected the prisons, and to reassure the debtors, who dreaded demand for arrears of taxes, he burned all the ledgers in the tax office and made a bonfire of all the whips and instruments of torture.

The strange fanaticism of the Madhists, looking for their Moslem Messiah, took revenge in the murder of the kingliest man in Africa. He could easily have escaped but he refused. "Whom seek ye?" he asked, gazing on the sea of angry faces of the fierce dervishes. "Gordon Pasha," they cried. "I am he," he answered, and in a few moments his lifeless body was hurled down the stone stairs. Other victims of the Mahdi were Father Ohrwalder and two nuns, who after eight years' imprisonment escaped, riding on camels five hundred miles in seven days.

Mrs. Latimer traces succinctly the benign rule of the British in Egypt. The finances of the country are in as sound a condition as those of any of the states of Europe. On all sides are to be seen signs of prosperity and content. Trade and commerce are flourishing; vast reforms, affecting the well-being of the whole population, have been carried out. Schemes of irrigation, costing $4,000,000, have increased the annual value of the cotton crop $15,000,000, and still greater works are contemplated.

The story of the exploration of "Darkest Africa," the heroism of Livingstone and Stanley, the missionary triumphs of Uganda and Kaffraria, more heroic than any military achievements, are well sketched. England's "Little Wars" in Abyssinia, Ashanti, with Boers and with Lobengula are concisely and clearly told. A British army of twelve thousand men drawn from the Bombay Presidency, in

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* "Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century." By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 451. Price, $2.50.

three months made a road where there was none, four hundred miles over rugged mountains to Magdala, the capital of King Theodore, ten thousand feet above the sea. Almost without firing a shot the stronghold was captured, and the astonished Theodore shot himself with a revolver presented to him by Queen Victoria seven years before.

The troubles in the Transvaal will give a special interest to the account of England's South African conquests—conquests necessary to suppress barbarism and protect civilization. The disasters and unavailing valour of Rorke's Drift, of Majuba Hill, and of the new Thermopylæ of Wilson and his thirty-three brave men at Ulundi, dying like heroes at their post, illustrate the annals of British bravery, and invest with imperishable renown those path-finders of empire beneath the Southern Cross. The strange ending of an Imperial dynasty in the death of young Prince Louis Napoleon, by a Zulu assegai, at Islandlwana, is of pathetic interest.

Like a tale of the Arabian Nights is the story of the diamond fields and gold mines. The largest diamond found was worth $300,000. The diamond exports in 1892 were $20,000,000, and the total exports up to date over $350,000,000. Kimberley and Johannesberg, but yesterday little better than rude farmsteads, are to-day busy cities, the latter with 60,000 people.

The greatest man in Africa to-day is Cecil Rhodes, President of the British South African Company, whose dream is to combine into a South African Dominion the whole of its scattered colonies. The recent successful campaign in Matabeleland, in 1893, of Dr. Jameson, the administrator of the British South African Company, whose reckless raid in the Transvaal Republic ended so disastrously, will be fresh in every mind.

The French colonization in Algeria, Soudan, the Congo, and Madagascar is concisely described.

Three maps and a score of portraits of African heroes embellish the volume. Mrs. Latimer has succeeded marvellously well in this volume in disentangling the strands of a very intricate skein.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

"The Higher Criticism" is a phrase which is in very common use among Christian ministers and students of theology; but it may be doubted whether a very large proportion of those who use it have any very definite notion of its meaning. In perhaps nine cases out of ten it is used to describe a set of conclusions which have been reached by a certain class of biblical scholars. And often odium is cast upon an important branch of theological science, and popular prejudice is excited against it by raking together all the absurdities, either real or apparent, which are embraced in these conclusions. But "The Higher Criticism" is not a set of results but a method of investigation. In fact it is a method which was first applied in the settlement of certain questions which had arisen among scholars concerning the classical writings; and its application to the investigation of kindred questions touching the biblical documents was an afterthought. Probably it was the success with which it had been employed in the former of these fields which suggested its use in the latter.

A method is a means to an end. In other words it is an instrument wherewith to do a certain kind of work. The work to be done by this particular method is to determine the question of the *origin*, the *form* and the *value* of literary productions. Under the first of these heads are included the answer to the question, when? where? and by whom was the work produced? The second refers to the particular class of literary productions to which it belongs. It may be a history, an allegory, a hymn or a dramatic poem, and the function of "The Higher Criticism" is to answer this question and to assign the document to its proper category. The value of a literary production depends first upon the purpose for which it was written, and, secondly, upon its adaptation to the accomplishment of this purpose, its fitness for the attainment of this end.

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* "The Elements of the Higher Criticism." By ANDREW C. ZENOS, Professor of Biblical Theology in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. 12mo. Pp. 248. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto, Montreal and Halifax: Methodist Book-Rooms. Price, $1.00.

Roughly speaking this is the field of investigation in which this form of criticism is applied; and probably, bold and bare as this statement necessarily is, it will be sufficient to indicate to every student its vast importance. The Bible is not merely a book; it is a literature, and the most remarkable literature in the world. Humanly speaking, it is not the product of one mind but of many. Therefore, each of these documents, before it can be fully understood, must be studied not only by itself, but in the light of the circumstances in which it was written, and of the peculiar characteristics and qualifications of the writer. In the absence of outside sources of information, or where the sources are few and defective, these have to be deciphered from the document itself, by a process of induction similar to that by which the student of Nature compels her to yield up her secrets to him.

This is the Higher Criticism. It is the Baconian method applied to a most interesting and important branch of biblical inquiry. Of course it may be unskilfully, carelessly, or wickedly employed; and in any of these cases the result will be useless, if not positively injurious. More than this, our own ignorance, prejudice, and lack of confidence in the truth when it happens to lead us in ways that we know not and paths that we have not known, may lead us to see hobgoblins where there are none, and to mistake the friends of a Bible for its enemies.

It is not possible in a brief notice of this kind to describe this method. For this the reader is referred to the work under review. It is well written and bears the marks throughout of being the product of a thoroughly conservative mind determined to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good. The very fact that the author fills the chair of Biblical Theology in McCormick Theological Seminary is a sufficient guarantee for his orthodoxy. But he has the good sense to perceive not only that "The Higher Criticism" is here to stay, but that it has a right to stay; and that it is by the sober and judicious use of this method that the aberrations of reckless and injudicious critics are to be corrected, and the mischief which any of them have done is to be undone. Perspicuity is perhaps the most striking quality of Prof. Zenos' style; and not least among the virtues which the book has to commend it is the fact that though it deals with so great a subject it is a comparatively small one, and withal one that can be easily read and understood, and may be heartily recommended to anyone interested in the subject of which it treats.

REST IN ACTION.

Silently, silently, the hand of God is weaving
An ever-changing tapestry to cover earth and sky;
Silently, silently, apparent loss retrieving.
He maketh all things beautiful that round about us lie.

Silently, silently, the love of God is throwing
The blessings of His providence before us every day,
Silently, silently, His foresight is bestowing
The mercies that we hardly pause to notice on our way.

Silently, silently, the might of God is speeding
The planets on their dizzy course around the central sun;
Silently, silently, His watchful eyes are reading,
The record of Eternity, the work that He has done.

Silently, silently, through His vast creation,
From every star in heaven, every blossom of the sod;
Silently, silently, He makes the revelation
That quiet in achievement is the attribute of God.

Silently, silently, we listen to His teaching
That quietness and confidence are gifts of God to man;
Silently, silently, we lift our heads beseeching
That we may live in harmony with His eternal plan.

Silently, silently, fulfilling love and duty,
We enter into peace that rests like sunshine on our way;
Silently, silently, our lives expand in beauty
Until we reach the glory of the Everlasting Day.

The World's Progress.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A POLITICAL CARTOONIST.

The somewhat bumptious young Emperor of Germany delights to figure in a variety of characters. In a cartoon before us he is sketched as the "Lightning-Change" Emperor. In the morning he appears in the costume of an English tourist, at noon as an admiral of the fleet, two hours later in yachting dress, then as sportsman, and in the evening in clerical costume. We believe he does preach on his flag-ship. He issued a poem accompanied by his own music. His favourite *rôle* is posing as the War Lord of Europe. In the above sketch he appears as a political cartoonist. The original was sent to the Emperor of Russia and copies sold at a charity bazaar. It is thus interpreted:

"On a plateau, in the light radiating from the cross, stand the allegorical figures of the civilized nations of Europe. France is shading her eyes with her left hand. Germany, armed with shield and sword, attentively follows the approach of the calamity. Russia leans her arm on the shoulder of her martial companion. Austria endeavours to win the co-operation of reluctant England. Italy, standing between them, also closely watches the danger. The archangel Michael, points to the approaching horror. At the foot of the plateau is the vast plain of civilized Europe. The power of darkness, seated on a dragon, approaches amidst destruction. Buddha, advancing upon the Chinese dragon, will devastate Europe." Under the sketch the Emperor wrote: "Nations of Europe, defend your most sacred possessions."

The Emperor's critics, Russia, France, Italy, and Germany herself, announce strong dissatisfaction with the part the respective nations are supposed to bear in his allegory.

The Emperor might look nearer home for more menacing danger. While Armenian Christians are being slaughtered by the thousand he selfishly stands aloof and will not risk a single Pomeranian grenadier in what would be a nobler crusade than that to rescue from the infidels the empty sepulchre of Christ, namely, to save from massacre His living image. Nearer home still, the nation is restless under an intolerable war burden. The Socialists and Democrats are the strongest party in the Reichstag, and the most vociferous. Four hundred arrests have, within a few months, been made for *lese majesté*, or speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor's crown and dignity.

It was perhaps this sense of unrest at home that led to the somewhat gushing congratulations to President Kruger in the Transvaal. It is an old trick of autocrats to divert criticism from home troubles by "spirited" foreign policy.

We think that Great Britain has taken too seriously the gush of this intensely

egotistical young man, unless he claims the reversion of the Transvaal as part of the Dutch possessions which he hopes to annex to Germany along with Holland. When the Iron Chancellor spoke all Europe listened, but when the Emperor proclaims his absolutism to his raw recruits, it only laughs.

A Frankfort paper raises an absurd claim of the Emperor to the succession to the crown of England as the eldest of the Queen's eldest, his mother, the Empress Frederick, having been born the year before his uncle, the Prince of Wales. This is too absurd to think of; the people of England will have something to say on that question.

The sturdy manner in which the British Lion turns at bay and roars its defiance at the greatest war power in Europe, while we think it a needless craze, contrasts strikingly with its calmness under the war message of Mr. Cleveland. It shows that it was not the fear of American prowess, but genuine affection that led to its forbearance. Britain may be isolated, but she is grandly sufficient for whatever fate fortune has in store. The gallant Pitt's proud defiance, "England shall moult no feather of her crest," will still be made good. If cut off from entangling Continental alliances, let her colonies throughout the world rally for her succour. The following spirited lines finely express the indomitable courage of the grand old land. Gazing on the pole-star of duty—of righteous purpose, she calmly faces the future trusting in God.

The Isolation of England.

The wind is hushed; the darkness grows;
  The fainting moon is lost in flight;
Death lifts a sombre hand, and throws
  His clouds across the face of night.
With parted lips and haggard stare,
  That strives and strains to pierce the gloom,
Each nation crouches in its lair,
  And breathless waits the coming doom.

Dim shapeless shadows pass like ghosts;
  Along the trembling earth they feel
The distant tramp of marching hosts,
  And hear the smothered clash of steel;
Till, reaching out for friendly hands
  To guide them through the gloom, they press
To where one silent figure stands
  Serene in lofty loneliness.

They hurl their taunts, their oaths, their prayers,
  The snarl of greed, the growl of hate;
They spit upon the cloak she wears,
  Or grasp its hem, to supplicate.
But still, as though she heard them not,
  Her anxious eyes are fixed afar
Among the clouds, on one pale spot,
  Where faintly gleams a single star.

By that same star she chose her path
  For every night in vanished years;

Though screened by mists of doubt and wrath,
She sees it still, as if through tears.
Then, glancing at the fretful horde
Who call her now to bend the knee
She lays her hand upon her sword,
And turns her eyes towards the sea.

The Lessons of the War Craze.

The unreasoning and unreasonable outburst of jingoism in the American Congress and American press destroys a good many illusions and breaks some idols. We had believed that the bulk of the American people were characterized by a high degree of moral saneness, were lovers of peace, and were actuated by feelings of kindly regard for the grand old mother of nations from which they had sprung. The reckless eagerness with which the President, the Houses of Congress, the great preponderance of the secular papers and the political governors burst forth in flamboyant war-talk, has caused a great change of sentiment.

It is true, and thank God for it, that the voice of the pulpit and of the religious press was soon heard, and almost unanimously on the side of peace and good-will—in harmony with the spirit of the holy Christmastide. But in the eyes of the whole world, and on the page of history, a great nation must be arraigned for the crime of pressing a friendly and kindred power almost to the very verge of war. There is no credit due to the Congress, nor to the President, nor to the bulk of the American press that that verge was not passed. Had the tone of the British press and of British statesmen been as reckless, it may be that blood would have been already shed in fratricidal strife. Mr. Cleveland has stirred up the basest passions of the basest part of the nation. There is a good deal of the tiger and the devil in the unregenerate heart, and this has been lamentably aroused by his war message.

When the London *Times* "appealed in the name of peace to the natural affection between the kindred nations," *Frank Leslie's Journal* replied, "The *Times* is wrong, there is no natural affection between the two peoples." Another journal declared, "There is natural hate." We will be sorry to think that these truculent journalists spoke for any but themselves. Dr. Heber Newton repudiates this sentiment with abhorrence. *Harper's Weekly* says: "Of all foreigners the English are the folks that we know the best, that we understand the best, that we admire the most, and that, on the whole, we like the best." Like one who slanders the mother who bore him, so are the degenerate Americans who flout at the land from which they sprung. We do not envy the man who writes himself down in the odious company described by St. Paul as "without natural affection, implacable and unmerciful."

We thank God for the protest of the moral and religious classes of the Great Republic. In an almost universal chorus the religious press, and especially the Methodist press, denounced such a crime.

The *Independent* with impassioned fervour exclaims:

"War? No, a thousand times, no! God forbid! It is a thought too monstrous to be seriously entertained. War with England? Impossible. She is our mother country. We are of one blood, one race, one language and one civilization. Our frequent expressions of jealous impatience with her only prove the sincere attachment that exists at the bottom. War with England? Far be it from us. War with the United States, her own kin, with whom the bonds of peace have so long remained unbroken? England cannot tolerate the thought. It ought to be impossible. Those who welcome war, talk like fools; those who grow hilarious over the prospect of it are merry with insanity. Let us have faith that honourable peace will be secured, and let the hot-heads on both sides of the Atlantic who are conjuring up the spectre of war, be treated as chattering magpies."

The *Outlook* adds:

"War between the English races would be a crime on which the curse of God would rest; for it would be against the conscience of both races. It was the brutal device of savagery; we have passed beyond it as definitely as we have passed beyond the personal combat and the duel."

The Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* says:

"The hot and foolish talk of war between Great Britain and the United States has passed away, and we are already wondering how we could ever have been so silly."

The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* says:

"It is humiliating to reflect that there were scarcely five men in the two Houses who retained anything like mental or moral equipoise. The most of them have awakened by this time from their midwinter madness, and it is to be hoped that the memory of their recklessness and folly may humiliate them. The simple fact is that they were stampeded, that they showed no sort of balance; their action was inconsiderate, hasty, and foolish. Ministers of the Gospel did a great thing for America on

that day by the pleas which they uttered in behalf of peace, and by the protests which they bravely and calmly spoke against the unreasoning and un-Christian war-spirit which had been foolishly roused in the land. They proved themselves true messengers of the Prince of Peace in the message which they brought to the waiting and palpitating hearts of the people that day."

The only paper of the religious press of the United States that we have seen, and we see most of them, which has written an unqualified defence of the President for "upholding the dignity and honour of the American people," is the so-called "*Christian*" *Herald*, edited by Dr. Talmage. But this is in harmony with his conduct in a Decoration Day sermon, when he deliberately went out of his way to flout at the British flag.

Dr. Waller, president of the English Wesleyan Conference, by cable dispatch, invited the Methodist bishops of America to arrange for united prayers with their English brethren for continued peace and good-will between the kindred nations. A similar request came from the Evangelical Alliance of the Old Land to that of the new, and arrangements have been made for such united prayers to God.

Thirteen hundred British writers, embracing the most eminent of the craft, joined in an appeal to their fellow-craftsmen in America deprecating the dishonour and disfigurement which war would cause to English literature for a century to come.

Some great journals, with noble moral courage, withstood the frantic war craze. The New York *World*, with great enterprise and wisdom, obtained cablegram opinions from the bishops and religious leaders of Great Britain, from Gladstone, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Fife, and other names of weight, in the interest of peace, which greatly assuaged the war rancour of the United States.

There was only one man in the Congress who did not for the time lose his head, the blind chaplain of the Senate, who prayed fervently that justice and magnanimity might prevail among the rulers of both nations, and the kindred people of the two lands might be glorified in the establishment of concord, unity and brotherly kindness. No wonder Dr. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, telegraphed him that "to have spoken those words to God in the hearing of the nation would make make life worth living were it spent in a dungeon." Says the *Outlook*, "It would have been fortunate if a few of the senators could have seen as well as he did."

"The recognized authorities on constitutional law," says the *Outlook*, "Prof. Von Holst, of Chicago, Prof. Burgess, of Columbia, Prof. Wolseley, of Yale, were unanimous in declaring that the Monroe Doctrine has no application to such a question of boundary as that which has existed for half a century between British Guiana and Venezuela." The best cartoon on the subject that we have seen represents the President knocked down by an overcharged gun, and exclaiming, "I didn't know it was loaded."

The New York *Tribune* declares that "the appointment of a partisan commission to confirm the judgment we have already rendered is diplomacy as a self-opinionated tyro conceives it."

The *Journal of Commerce*, of New York, says: "Mr. Cleveland has made a most serious mistake. His policy is not only precipitate and untimely, but it is madness itself. He has out-jingoed the jingoists, and from being the embodiment of sober judgment he has become the hasty abettor of political fanaticism." In this condemnation the trade journals representing the commercial interests of the nation emphatically join, and the European press almost entirely condemns the hasty action of the United States. On the other hand, the Boston *Advertiser*, and it is a type of many others, declares that: "The message is good. From first word to last word it is good. It is brave without bluster; it is firm without ferocity. It is temperate in tone, discreet in language, logical in reasoning, truthful in statement, pacific in purpose."

In a few days, so great was the shock given to the financial world that the public losses in America through shrinkage of values was $500,000,000. But the general injury inflicted on commerce and business was inestimable." The *Outlook* itself bears witness that, "on the whole, the expressions of the English press have been notable for moderation, self-restraint, and even for kindness of tone. In these respects they have shown a marked superiority in breadth of view and calmness to the discussions in our own newspapers."

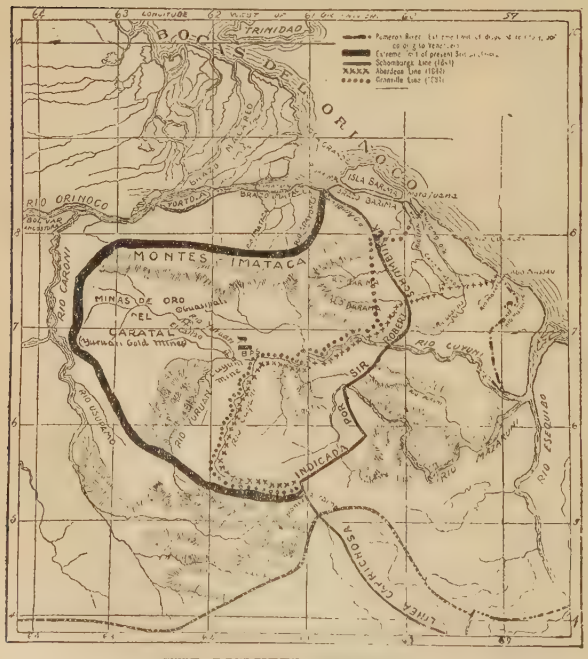
The irreconcilable Irish "patriots," mostly Roman Catholics, boldly avow that "should it be possible to embroil England with any power on earth, they would not hesitate to do so." These same valiant fighters—on paper—were not such a tower of strength to the Americans in the late rebellion as has

been thought. Edison's Cyclopedia of 1891, page 222, says "that of the 2,018,200 soldiers enlisted in the late war, only 144,200, or 7.14 per cent., were Irish. Whereas, 99,000 were English and Scotch, and 177,808 were German." The same cyclopedia states that "104,000 of the Irish soldiers, or seventy-two per cent. of their total enlistment, deserted from the army."

Which Is the Real Spirit of Patriotism?

The *Outlook* prints side by side with the above heading the truculent utterance of General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," a tale of the Christ—the Prince of Peace—who undertakes to organize an Indiana regiment for the conquest of Canada, and the utterance of Dr. Hall of Brooklyn, urging that above the starry flag of the Republic which they love shall be the peace flag of Christ. "It were better," he said, "for America that they had never been born than to have lived to curse civilization with uncalled-for war."

The Venezuela Question.



THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The map given above places the question in a nut-shell for our readers. The boundary line has been an unsettled question for a hundred years. For fifty years thousands of British subjects have occupied these territories claimed by Venezuela. They ask for British protection and the enjoyment of British institutions. Great Britain is not willing that these should be surrendered to the alternating tyranny and anarchy of Venezuela. The region beyond the Schomburgk line, with its rich gold-fields, she is not willing to submit to arbitration, nor the rights of British subjects to the protection which they have so long enjoyed.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The Monroe Doctrine, as held by our American friends, strikes us as like the handle of a jug, all on one side. The United States virtually claims to be the only nation that has a right to extend its boundaries on this continent. At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783, all of what is now the United States west of the Mississippi and south of Canada belonged to France and Mexico. The great province of Louisiana, added in 1803, extended from Puget Sound to the mouth of the Mississippi. The vast region of Florida was ceded by Spain in 1819. As a result of the unrighteous war with Mexico in 1848, California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona were ceded. In 1845 and 1850 the vast region of Texas and New Mexico, in 1852 another Mexican concession, and in 1867 the great province of Alaska by Russia, and all the while Britain had and still has more territory on this continent than the United States.

The admission of the Monroe Doctrine as taught by Mr. Cleveland would prevent Great Britain from settling the disputed French shore question in Newfoundland; would prevent acquiring the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, now a nest of smugglers in the very mouth of the St. Lawrence; would prevent the rectification of her frontiers with either Dutch Guiana, Brazil, or Venezuela in South America, or acquiring a coaling station on any island on the Gulf of Mexico,

or contiguous to the American coast, without the approval of the United States Congress. On this, by all means let there be arbitration; but let it be arbitration which shall embrace the vast and unprecedented claims which are based upon this doctrine by Mr. Cleveland and his friends.

The London *Spectator*, of October 12th, 1895, long before the war message, speaks thus:

"As Englishmen we have no sort of objection to the true Monroe Doctrine. We want no extension of territory on the American continent for Great Britain, but we do want the Anglo-Saxon to be supreme there, and to be left to develop unmolested; and this the Monroe Doctrine secures. . . . We have thought sometimes that the Monroe Doctrine might be used as one of the stones upon which to build up that Anglo-Saxon alliance which will some day give the control of the world to the English-speaking peoples."

On this the Chicago *Christian Advocate* comments as follows:

"We believe heartily that this alliance is greatly to be desired by every American. He is not a statesman who declares that we should seek alliance with the Spanish of the Western World as against our brothers in blood and religion on the other side of the Atlantic. England has about three millions and a third of square miles in this country, while we have about three millions and a half."

On this question the *Outlook* writes:

"For a century Great Britain has shared this North American continent with us, and, by the simple expedient of an international treaty, our boundary line is without a fortification, and our lakes without a navy either English or American. . . . The Monroe doctrine is wholly inapplicable to the present situation."

A Grand Opportunity Lost.

It is the highest compliment that could be paid to the Grand Old Land that it is regarded as the bulwark of liberty and protector of the distressed throughout the world. It is asked why she does not interfere in China, in Madagascar, and in Armenia, to protect life and right wrongs. But with 300,000,000 Indian subjects, many of them fanatical Moslems; with the great powers of Europe jealous of her strength, and selfishly refusing to aid in suppressing the Armenian massacres; with America tying her hands; with "little wars" in Ashanti, and probably in the Transvaal, the Old Land, though a very Atlas in strength, cannot bear all the burdens of the world.

SULTAN ABDUL HAMED II.

Although the American missionaries are those chiefly exposed to peril in Armenia, although America is the only great power which has no Mohammedan subjects, and the only nation that would raise no European jealousies; yet it has made no effort to stop these massacres or succour its own missionaries. If Grover Cleveland had joined Lord Salisbury in an earnest effort to suppress these Armenian outrages, he could have cemented an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race that could have stood four-square to all the winds that blow, that could make wars to cease to the end of the earth. He could have made permanent union of the English-speaking people that would have reflected immortal glory on his name. He has lost the grandest opportunity any man or nation ever had.

The *Methodist Times* has the following appeal to Christian Americans:

"The Sultan of Turkey and the President of the United States have combined to drown the angels' song with hideous clamour. For the moment even the unspeakable atrocities of the Sultan are overshadowed by the incredible and appalling attempt of the President of the United States to plunge the two sections of the English-speaking world into fratricidal strife. Already irreparable mischief has been done. We do not refer to the millions of money that have been sacrificed. That is a trumpery matter. But a blow has been given to the principles of peace from which we may not recover for generations. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, and the cruel and insulting attack of President Cleveland upon the English people has produced pain, suspicion, and ill-will which it will take decades to efface. Worst of all,

this rude threat has to a great extent paralyzed our influence in the East of Europe. At this moment the best friend and the most powerful supporter of the Sultan of Turkey is the President of the United States. Let American Christians realize the significance of the humiliating fact that the Sultan of Turkey is wildly delighted with President Cleveland. The only Government in Europe that really desires to deliver the Armenians is the English Government. Already thousands of Armenian Christians have been doomed to outrage and to death by the appalling action of President Cleveland."

Nor is this English opinion alone. The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* says:

"The senseless talk of war between the United States and Great Britain must have been highly gratifying to the Sultan of Turkey. For it was England that took the initiative in the matter of Armenian reform, and it is to England more than any other nation that we must look for the pressure needed to insure the faithful carrying out by the Porte of the plans for Armenia drawn up by the representatives of the Powers. It is deplorable that anything should have occurred in this country to cause her the least embarrassment in dealing with the Turkish question."

The *Congregationalist* asks: "To what other nation can the friends of humanity appeal for deliverance for Armenian martyrs? What power, if we could, would we substitute for that of England in the Old World?"

The *Independent* urges that the United States should take some step for the protection of its citizens and missionaries in Turkey. The great powers would be glad to see this done. Instead of tying the hands of England and then upbraiding her for not attempting the impossible, let that nation do a little protecting on its own account.

"The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth," says the *Outlook*, "declared that the Venezuelan question ought to be postponed for the Armenian question, and that it is the clear and paramount duty of Americans to support England in any action that she may take for the purpose of restoring order throughout Turkey. The question of an unsettled boundary is of small importance compared with the lives of two and a half millions of Christian people who will be exterminated unless they are protected by the Christian world. To the United States the eyes of the crushed Armenians are looking with hope and longing. They cry:

"'Free America! afar,
Show the Kaiser and the Czar
What the heart of God can teach—
How the hand of man can reach!
Send the Red Cross! Murder reigns!
Pestilence walks through our plains!
Send your ships with corn and wheat,
Bid our starving thousands eat.'"

The New Poet-Laureate.

Herewith is the first semi-official poem of Alfred Austin, the new poet-laureate. The following lines were written in reply to William Watson's sonnet, "The Purple East," in which England was denounced for her Armenian "perfidy." The poet-laureate's reply is:

Comrade, to whom I stretched a comrade's hand,
Ere fame found hers to greet you, and whom still
Right bravely singing up the sacred Hill,
I watch from where its cloudless peaks expand,
Think not that you my love now less command,
If to you, wilful, I oppose my will;
And pray you not untune sweet voice to shrill
In harsh upbraidings of the Mother Land.
To mock her is to soil oneself with shame,
Nor is the rhyme yet written that can mar
The scroll emblazoned with her fadeless fame.
"Sloping to twilight." Blinded that you are.
Look, in her hand shines Freedom's sword aflame,
And on her forehead glows the morning star.

But she, not you, nor any child of song,
Must sound the hour the friendless to befriend,
And with unmitigable justice rend
The ensanguined trappings from the Rod of Wrong.
I, too, cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long
Shall ghouls assail and not one glaive defend?"
But God's great patience never comes to end,
And, by long suffering, vengeance grows more strong.
So from unseasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who bears within her breast
Wails from the East and clamours from the West.
Nay, should the clamour and the wails increase,
Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best.
Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace.

Current Thought.

Methodist Review—January and February, 1896. New York: Hunt & Eaton. The Editor announces a new departure in this veteran review which has now entered on its seventy-seventh year. Without lowering its dignity and without incurring any risk or having it classified with light literature, he will promote the advantage and pleasure of its readers by adding to the range and variety of its contents, and especially by giving to each number something of a distinctly literary and interesting value.

The Editor, in our judgment, is quite right in this new departure. The days of ponderous quarterlies, written in "dry-as-dust" style, has passed. Events move so rapidly that more frequent issues are necessary, and more short and crisp treatment of living topics in touch with living people is demanded. Some of the reviews are even adopting the serial story, and some of the best short stories we have ever read appeared in the dignified *Princeton Review*.

The purpose of our own MAGAZINE AND REVIEW will be to strike the golden mean between the ponderous and the trivial. We have been urged not to make it too bookish, nor to overlook the needs of the common people. "God must have specially loved the common people," said Abraham Lincoln, "He made so many of them." Of the great Teacher and Preacher we read, "that the common people heard Him gladly." We hope that every page of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW will interest, not only the cultured scholar, but every household in Canadian Methodism.

In referring to recent politics in America, the *Methodist Review* urges the better observance of historical perspective. "The American people are too largely ignorant of their own past. In Britain, public men and the intelligent portion of the population are more thoroughly grounded in and familiar with the history of their own nation. They seem to know their thousand years better than we know our one-fifth of a thousand. . . The Monroe Doctrine, of which so much is just now heard in connection with the Venezuela trouble, is purely a piece of history; but the most wildly contradictory notions are uttered about it, for want of taking time to refer to the historic records which show the nature, scope, and bearing of that doctrine. . . That stately craft, the British Empire, steers a steadier course, through all successive administrations, because the statesmen who man her keep one eye on that great past of which they are so proud, and feel bound to preserve essential consistency therewith."

The literary article in this number of the *Review* is one on "Edgar Allan Poe." Dr. Mudge writes an inspiring chapter on "Methodist History," and gives an account of the rise and growth of the Primitive Methodism, to which we refer elsewhere. Dr. Graham discusses "The Divine Immanence," President Plantz, "The Doctrine of the Future Life in Job," Dr. Tuttle, "The Moral Influence of Balzac," and President Super, "Reason and Sentiment as Factors in Social Progress."

Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. November, 1895. Philadelphia. Price, $1.

The present number of this scholarly and able publication is rich in very able articles. We must congratulate Professor James and his associates on the very high character and wide influence of their work. We can only briefly describe the first article in the present number, "Recent Political Experiments in the Swiss Democracy." The article is a review of the process by which the Swiss Government has passed from the form of "Representative Government" to that of "Direct Government" by the people through their *comitia*. The foundation of this unique result is laid in the comparative independence of the twenty-five cantonal divisions into which the Republic is divided. The unity of Switzerland is that of a Confederation. It has thus its federal and local politics, each having its own sphere, but embodying the same broad political principles.

But in this matter there is an important difference between their constitution and that of federalism in the United States or Canada. In both these countries the members of the federation receive their constitution from the central government. The British North America Act fixes the power and general form of our Provincial governments. In Switzerland, on the other hand, the cantons enjoy almost per-

fect autonomy, and are thus free to make experiments on a limited scale before transferring them to the wider federal sphere.

The three great principles thus introduced are: "The Referendum," the right of the people directly by a vote to disallow the legislation of their representatives; "The Initiative," the right of the people by vote directly to submit legislation, and "Proportional Representation," making the House of Representatives as nearly as possible a reflex of the minds of the people. Of each of these principles as operative in Switzerland the article gives a clear exposition. The important principle of proportionate representation is also the subject of another article in the present number. N. B.

The Yale Review, November, 1895. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. This admirable quarterly journal of History and Political Science comes before us with an excellent bill of fare. Here, also, Switzerland receives attention in her experiments at the direct democracy of old Athens and other primitive states. There are also able articles on "Freeman, the Scholar and Professor," by Prof. H. B. Adams; on "An Interoceanic Canal in the Light of Precedent," by T. S. Woolsey, and on "The Economic Reforms of the late English Liberal Administration," by E. Powitt. N. B.

Current History. Third Quarter, 1895. Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo. Here we have the usual review of important events for the quarter ending October 1st. Louis Pasteur receives, as was fitting, a foremost place. "The Outrages in China," "The First Clouds in Armenia," "The Situation in the Orient," etc., are all noted in the important facts. Although the compilers are also to some extent revisers, *i.e.*, describe the facts by the light of their own preconceptions, still the work is of most essential service to every student of contemporary history. N. B.

For a busy man who wants to take a broad outlook at the stirring events of the times we know nothing so good as the *Literary Digest*, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York and Toronto. It is a weekly compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world. It reflects the opinion of all parties,—we were going to say, of all nations. One will find sometimes translations from half a dozen different anguages in one number. It has its departments of Topics of the Day, Letters and Art, Science, Religious World, Foreign Lands, Caricature and Humour. During the recent war scares it put one in touch with the leading journals of the two hemispheres.

The *London Quarterly* for January opens with a timely article on "Europe in Africa," founded on half a score of recent volumes describing the partition of the Dark Continent. The progress of English commerce and English missions both incalculably benefit the native races and inspire our patriotic pride. More stirring is the paper on "Britain's Sovereignty of the Seas."

"Her isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,
Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea."

An ancient writer says:

"Kepe then the sea that is the wall of England:
And then is England kept by Goddes hande."

Or, as Shakespeare has it:

"Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend themselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies."

The world has just had a stirring demonstration of England's sovereignty of the seas. Other papers are on "Alpine Mountaineering," "The New Rationalism," "A New Commentary on the Romans," and "State Papers Relating to the Armada, altogether a noteworthy number.

The *Outlook*, one of the very best exchanges which comes to our table, announces a monthly magazine number, with a serial story by "Ian Maclaren," (Rev. John Watson), who is probably the most popular of all the recent Scotish school of writers. This paper and the *Independent* have been eminently fair and friendly to Great Britain during the recent war craze.

The *Independent*, now closing its forty-seventh volume, still holds its sturdy way with ever-increasing vigour. It makes a specialty of missionary and Church intelligence and has frequent special numbers discussing all sides of current questions. The latest one is on "Cuba," with Spanish and American letters, some of which urge the recognition of Cuba as a nation, while others deprecate an act so unfriendly to Spain and perhaps also to Cuba itself.

The Methodist Review of the M. E. Church, South, opens with an article on "The Southern Humourist, Joel Chandler Harris." Bishop Haygood writes well, as he always does, on some recent criticism of missions, under the heading, "Where the Fools Rush In." Professor C. F. Smith has a fine classical article on "The Discipline of Suffering in Sophocles," and Dr. Lovejoy an exegetical study on "From Gethsemane to Calvary." A lady contributor, Mrs. J. D. Hammond, writes well on "New Light on Social Problems," discussing chiefly Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Dr. J. M. Wright expounds the "Higher Criticism."

The illustrated articles in January *Harper's* are Whitney's pictures with pen and pencil of Canada's Great Lone Land, entitled, "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren-Ground," and "The German Struggle for Liberty," "London's Underground Railway," "In Washington's Day," and "The Story of Joan of Arc."

Massey's Magazine is a spirited introduction of the ten-cent monthly into Canada. It is exceedingly well printed and illustrated, and should receive a liberal patronage. Canadian to the backbone, it has superior claims to any of the American dollar monthlies. Professor Clark begins in his own admirable style on "English Cathedrals." G. A. Reid, R.C.A., describes the evolution of two of his pictures, and Dr. E. H. Stafford writes a New Year's story. Mr. Falls' drawings are particularly good. We wish the new monthly success.

The *Century* has "A Kaleidoscope of Rome," by F. Marion Crawford, with excellent cuts, and an important paper on "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent," by C. E. Borchgrevink, and a continuation of the "Life of Bonaparte."

In *Scribner's* J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" is begun with glimpses of "Thrums." President Andrews' "History of the Last Quarter-Century" is continued, and illustrated articles on "The Water-Ways from Ocean to Ocean," and on the "Boston Public Library," are given.

The *Atlantic* gives one of Hawthorne's unprinted note-books, and a generous instalment of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," whose closing scenes are placed in Quebec, with other excellent articles.

In the *Homiletic Review* for January Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenburg, a specialist in social science, takes charge of the "School of Social Study." Specially interesting is the "School of Bible Study," under the direction of the managing editor, D. S. Gregory, D.D., the purpose of which is to direct and aid in the systematic study of the Bible itself. The Bible is to be presented as a unit, made of many books, each of which has its own unity and aim, and is an essential part of the whole; and thus lead to a more thorough knowledge of the Book. This number presents the subject of the Pentateuch as "the historical introduction into the world, among the chosen people, of the Bible-religion of salvation, in its old and typical form." Each of the five books is shown to be a natural and essential part in this one work of God.

A. M. P.

Christian Literature for January is sustaining its improved form. The articles are selections from leading periodicals, the contents of this number being "Greek and German Philosophy," "Bishop Butler and His Censors," "Rigidity of Rome," "Professor Sayce and the Critics," "The Meaning of Christ's Prayer in Gethsemane," "Where Social Reform Should Begin," "What is a Prophet?" "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," "A Lutheran Episcopate"—then follows "Current Thought," "Literary Department," and H. K. Carrol's contribution on "The Religious Forces of the United States." A. M. P.

The *Living Age* (Boston: Littell & Co.) This eclectic weekly, now in its fifty-second year, still continues to give the cream of all the monthlies—not in abridgement but in complete articles. It has been reduced from $8.00 to $6.00 a year. By its help one can keep well abreast with the great movements of the times.

The most widely circulated periodical in America is, we understand, the *Ladies' Home Journal.* By the lavish advertising of Mr. Bok, the editor, aided by its literary merit, excellent illustration, and pure morality, it has reached the enormous circulation of over 750,000.

Our book and periodical reviews will be frank, free and fearless, made in the interest of our readers and designed as a help toward book buying. Of course, we cannot review all the new books and periodicals, but we believe that no issue of importance shall be overlooked. To enable readers to form an independent judgment of the value to them of the book reviewed, we shall endeavour to give as clear and concise an idea as possible of their scope and contents and not merely of the reviewer's opinion of the book.

Japan Affairs.

The stenographic report of the "Proceedings *re* Japan Affairs" at the annual meeting of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, held in Montreal, October 3rd to 11th, 1895, and published by authority of the Board, is a bulky document of two hundred large folio pages. In view of the involved nature of the Japan difficulty this exhaustive report is of great importance to every supporter of the Missionary Society. By reading the document they can be, as it were, present at the meeting, hear all that was said, and be possessed of all the reasons for the action that was taken. We hope that this will be an end to all controversy on this subject. The Board virtually called upon all persons aggrieved or otherwise affected to then speak or forever after hold their peace.

This report contains reading-matter sufficient to fill 600 pages of this magazine. We have felt it our duty to study it fully, and we cannot refrain from the expression of the profound conviction that no other decision than that arrived at by the Missionary Board was possible. We are also convinced that the administration of the Missionary Department, including its Secretary, Executive and Board, has been wise, kind and considerate throughout.

Our Japan work, the earliest of our foreign missions, has been most successful, and has contributed not a little to the making of that New Japan which has astonished the world. The differences which have arisen in Japan in the presence of the organized paganism of the great Empire ought never to have occurred: and by the exercise of more tact and skill and patience, and subordination to the Missionary Board, which is the controlling voice of the Church in these matters, would never have occurred.

The Methodist Church cannot be too thankful to the large-minded and able members of that Board, both lay and clerical, who, year after year, have devoted so large an amount of time and unpaid labour to the administration of its affairs. If any contributors to its funds have any doubt whatever on this subject we earnestly exhort them to procure this Report and examine the documents before the Board, the discussion which took place upon them, and the wise conclusions reached. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let the Church move forward with a united front, with a consecrated zeal for a new crusade for the glory of God and salvation of souls.

The Covenant Service.

This exceedingly solemn and impressive service has been held in nearly all our churches on the first Sunday of the New Year. Impressive though it be, it might be made, we think, still more so if it were brought more in harmony with our joyous Methodist theology. This form of covenant was written by the eminent Joseph Alleine, the author of "An Alarm to the Unconverted," an old puritan divine, who died in 1668. It breathes rather the rigid Puritanism of that austere age than the more congenial and sunny religious feeling which should pervade, and largely does pervade, our religious meetings. It was adopted by Mr. Wesley thirty-seven years before his death, when he had not yet shaken off the somewhat ascetic cast of mind of his earlier years. In his sunny old age his habit of thought and speech greatly mellowed and sweetened.

The form still in use strikes us as more a covenant of works than one of grace. It is more like the indenture of a bond-servant than the gladsome marriage covenant of the soul with the heavenly Bridegroom. The austere legalism of this covenant will be noticed in a few phrases: "Which wilt thou have, either the crown or the curse? If thou choosest the crown, remember that the day thou takest this, thou must be content to submit to the cross and yoke, the service and the sufferings of Christ which are linked to it. What sayest thou? Hadst thou rather take the gains and pleasure of sin, and venture on the curse? Or wilt thou yield thyself to Christ, and so make sure of the crown?"

It emphasizes, in Puritan-wise, the stern duties of service and not the glad obedience of adopted children and heirs of grace and glory. "Servants, as they must do their master's work, so they must do that work which their Master appoints them." "Let my dwelling be in the dust, my portion in the wilderness, my name and lot amongst the hewers of wood and drawers of water, among the door-keepers of Thy house; anywhere, where I may be serviceable."

This is all true, but it is not the whole truth, and we think the emphasis is wrongly placed. We do not think that such a covenant expresses "the essence of Christianity" as it claims to do. "*Love* is the fulfilling of the law."—"To love the Lord our God with all our heart, and mind, and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves." On the first Sunday of the year we should come to the house of God, not so much in the

spirit of the penitential Psalms and of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, as in adoring gratitude for the mercies of the year and with filial confidence that the Infinite Love that has redeemed and preserved us will guide us to the end—in the spirit of our hymn—

> "Here I raise my Ebenezer:
> Hither by Thy help I've come;
> And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
> Safely to arrive at home;"

more in the spirit of that glad hymn of Doddridge—

> "O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
> Well may this flowing heart rejoice,
> And tell its raptures all abroad."

We think this venerable form should be revised by the next General Conference.

Book Notices.

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language, being Webster's Unabridged Dictionary now thoroughly revised and enlarged under the direction of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.

Probably many of our readers may be asking, Where can I get the best English Dictionary? There are at present at least four American aspirants for the place in your library. The International, Worcester's, The Standard, and the Century. Webster's International just placed on our table may be made the occasion for the statement of a few principles to guide you in making your choice.

First of all it is to be a Dictionary of English, by which we understand a pure well of English, undefiled. It is better that you should not find slang and vulgarity in your dictionary. Secondly, it should be a dictionary, not an encyclopedia. The work of a dictionary is to present you with each word which properly belongs to the language in its proper form as to spelling and pronunciation, *i.e.*, the form adopted in the best usage of the language; and in its various shades of meaning, as also determined by the best usage. To this is added in the great dictionaries something of the history of the word, its derivation and the related words in other languages. Authoritative accuracy in these three points is an essential. A dictionary which cannot be trusted to give you the best usage in spelling, pronunciation, and meaning, and the correct historical derivation is worse than useless.

Thirdly, it should be as convenient as possible for use. This limits the size, and hence the amount of additional matter which may be inserted. We sometimes wonder that the publishers do not put all the introductory and supplementary matter into a second volume. It would be equally useful there, while the main volume would be more easily handled. The main body of the work should be for convenience sake in one volume.

The work before us is in a single volume of the best style of workmanship, the words in heavy-faced letter, easily catching the eye, the typography and illustrations in the best form of the printer's and engraver's art, the thumb indexing perfect, and the definitions worthy of the reputation of Noah Webster. The spelling is still the American, though the English is always given as alternative form. The pronunciation is in accord with the best usage, and the examples for definition are taken from the classic writers of English.

The supplementary matter is one of the departments in which the great modern dictionaries especially vie with each other. In the present work, besides the usual introductory treatises embracing over a hundred double-column pages, we have 330 pages of supplements, or one-fifth of the whole work.

Here are seven minor dictionaries, including a biographical dictionary, a dictionary of names of characters in fiction, a dictionary of geographical names, of Greek and Latin proper names, of Scripture proper names, of common Christian names, and of quotations, etc. The incorporation of technical and scientific terms in the body of the work will be found to be a great advantage. There is no class of words for which the student so frequently goes to his dictionary as these, and in the older dictionaries he was too often disappointed.

In conclusion we may say that for all the purposes of a dictionary the work before us is not surpassed by any of its recent rivals. N. B.

The Christian Doctrine of Immortality. By Stewart D. F. Salmond, M.A., D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 8vo. Pp. xii–703. Price, $5.00.

"If a man die shall he live again?" has been the earnest question of the deepest thinkers from the dawn of time. Throughout the ages, even in the darkness of paganism, there have been foregleams of immortality growing brighter and brighter to "the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." Dr. Salmond has made a profound study of this august theme. He begins with the ethnic preparation of the world for the revelation of immortality. He shows the groping of Indian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian and Greek beliefs after the light of life beyond the grave. He traces the fuller revelation of the Old Testament, a light which is the proof of their divine inspiration. He unfolds the clear shining of this doctrine in the teaching of our Lord and the apostles. He discusses finally the contribution of Christianity to the hope of immortality, the doctrines of the Annihilation, Restorationism and allied themes.

So important a work is this that we have placed it in the hands of a thoroughly competent reviewer for full and adequate treatment in the March number of this periodical.

Darwin and After Darwin. An exposition of the Darwinian Theory, and a Discussion of Post-Darwinian Questions. By the late G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Price, $1.50.

The work included under the above title is to be published in three volumes. The first volume received a favourable notice in the *Canadian Methodist Review* some months ago, while the third volume will not be published for a year or more. The editing of this and the forthcoming volume is in the hands of Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, a ripe scholar and a loving friend of the talented and lamented author. The book is issued in beautiful form, and with a very fine portrait of Dr. Romanes.

The present volume is mainly concerned with a discussion of those Post-Darwinian theories which involve fundamental questions of Heredity and Utility.

In treating the former of these, the author has had constantly before him the views of Professor Weismann, "the most important writer upon this subject," and of especial interest in this connection, because of the divergent views between him and Herbert Spencer. The controversy involves a central feature of the evolution theory, viz., "The Issue as to the Inheritance or Non-Inheritance of Acquired Characters."

In addition to the scientific contribution made by the present volume to the whole question of evolution, it has also an especial value in the insight it gives to the varying tendencies and divergences among evolutionists themselves. Much of the theory is still in the realm of conjecture, and this volume makes no small contribution towards settling some of its yet vexed questions. The book is a valuable one, and should find a place in every student's library. E. I. B.

Barbara Heck. A Tale of Early Methodism. By Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House. Price, 75 cents.

This elegant little volume is not the usual biography, nor yet a biographical history, but rather a pen-picture of life and times in the days of early Methodism in the United States and Canada. The period covered extends over about forty years, and includes the introduction of Methodism into America, the Revolutionary War, the emigration of the U. E. Loyalists, the Settlement of Upper Canada, and the founding of Methodism there.

The leading characters are the Palatines, Barbara and Paul Heck, Philip and Mary Embury, John Lawrence, the Quakers, John and Hannah Whitesides, the Virginia cavalier, Col. Pemberton, with his wife, and son, and daughter, and the pioneer Methodist preachers, Dunham and Losee.

The warp and woof of the book is thus through and through historical, even to the names of all the characters introduced, and to the facts and events described. The title of "tale" does not, therefore, imply a work of fiction. Still it is not a mere chronicle of remembered facts. The author has made good use of

the license allowed the literary artist to cover the skeleton of facts with flesh and blood, and endue it with life and animation. The field thus opened gives very wide scope for the display of literary ability of the highest order, and most satisfactorily has Dr. Withrow met the requirement which his constructive ability had created. He has characters of rare beauty to depict, and many of the sketches would be well worthy of the pen of Ian Maclaren. The book is thus a work of power as well as a work of information, moving the heart, quickening all the nobler elements of spiritual life, and at the same time fixing indelibly in the memory a large number of the fundamental facts of our Canadian and Methodist history.

It is needless to say that neither its Methodist nor its Canadian sympathies have narrowed the spirit of the book. The wider and higher spirit of a universal charity is manifest throughout, and both the United States and Christian denominations other than his own, including Roman Catholics, are treated with sympathetic justice. "Barbara Heck" should find a place in every Methodist house in the land. N. B.

Book by Book. Popular Studies on the Canon of Scripture. By various authors. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 666. Price, $2.00. London, Eng. : Isbister & Co. Toronto : Fleming H. Revell Co.

These studies originally appeared as Introductions to the various books of Holy Scripture in "The New Illustrated Bible." It is very fortunate that these scholarly essays are placed in a single volume by which a complete survey of questions affecting the sacred canon is so easily accessible. Their character and quality is indicated and guaranteed by the names of the authors, as follows : The Pentateuch and Historical Books are by Professor James Robertson, D.D. ; Psalms, by the Bishop of Worcester ; Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon, by Prof. A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D. ; Isaiah, Jeremiah and Lamentations, by Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D. ; Ezekiel and Daniel, by Prof. Stanley Leathes, D.D. ; the Minor Prophets, by Prof. W. G. Elmslie, D.D. ; the Synoptic Gospels, by Prof. Wm. Sanday, D.D. ; the Writings ascribed to St. John, by Rev. Geo. Salmon, D.D., LL.D. ; Acts of the Apostles, by Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. ; General Epistles of St. Paul, by Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D. ; Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, by the Bishop of Ripon ; Hebrews and the remaining Epistles, by Canon Maclear, D.D. ; Revelation, by Prof. W. Milligan, D.D.

That studying the Bible "Book by Book" is the best method is now generally admitted, and such a volume as the one before us provides a most excellent guide. The work done is thorough, critical, recent and conservative. We know of no other such work to surpass it. The plan, style, contents, character, purpose, authenticity, analysis and other questions affecting each book are discussed in such a way as will enable the Bible student to pursue his work more intelligently and satisfactorily. We most highly commend this volume. A. M. P.

The Father of the Forest and Other Poems. By William Watson. Chicago : Stone & Kimball. London : John Lane. Toronto : William Briggs.

William Watson ought to have been made poet-laureate. Certainly no English poet since Tennyson's death has the elevated, pure, and noble style of William Watson. The poem which gives its name to this volume, we think, far surpasses even Tennyson's "Talking Oak." It is the poet's apostrophe to an ancient yew, dating back to the time of the Romans. In fitting phrase the poet sketches the great dynasties and monarchs that have marked the passing centuries. The yew responds in rebuke of the littlenesses of time and the grandeur of eternity.

"Goodly the ostents are to thee,
And pomps of Time ; to me more swee
The vigils of Eternity,
And silence patient at my feet."

The "Hymn to the Sea" is a magnificent ode, and that on "The Tomb of Burns," a sympathetic interpretation of the peasant bard.

The following pungent sonnet expresses the appeal of the world for the interposition of England :

THE TURK IN ARMENIA.

"What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With sovereign argosies the subject blue,
And wrest thy tribute from each golden gale,
If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear the wail
Of maidens martyred by the turbaned crew
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,

And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches, girdled by His seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the sleepless cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!"

The book is a typographical gem. Stone & Kimball are, we think, the best art printers in America. A fine portrait of William Watson appears, reminding us much of Edgar Allan Poe.

The Student's Commentary—Ecclesiastes. By James Strong, S.T.D., LL.D. Cloth. Pp. 144. 11x7 inches. Price, $2.00. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a complete hermeneutical manual, consisting of a corrected Hebrew text, an ample critical apparatus, a free but terse metrical rendering, a modernized and rhythmically arranged translation, an extended introduction, a detailed tabular analysis, the authorized version amended, the American revised version, a closely literal metaphrase, a copious, logical, exegetical, and practical exposition, and full lexical, grammatical and vindicatory notes. The author's aim has been to ascertain the true text of the writing, and then develop its exact sense and bearing. In this he has eminently succeeded and adapted his work to readers, preachers, and scholars of every stage of progress. Dr. Strong brings to his task twenty-five years of experience in annual class work on the book as a professor in Drew Theological Seminary. This seems to be the beginning of a series which will, without doubt, be of great service to all biblical students. He has shed much new light on this most difficult and much disputed book of the sacred canon, which will be heartily welcomed by all earnest Bible students.

A. M. P.

Primer of Philosophy. By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is one of the series in "The Religion of Science Library." The numbers are issued bi-monthly at $1.50 yearly. It would be exceedingly difficult to determine why some of the series are included in or come under the above designation. The only explanation is, probably, found in the fact that the first of the series has as its title, "The Religion of Science." In the book before us the author claims that experience is the sole basis of philosophy. We have nothing but facts as data out of which to construct our ideas, notions and conceptions. The idea that *axioms* lie even at the base of mathematics is outgrown, and of course when they are found to have no place here, it is an easy matter to dislodge them from philosophy and the other sciences. The postulates of Euclid must likewise abandon their former claims, and find a new explanation under the alchemy of experience.

Positivism and Monism are the two terms which dominate in modern thought, and these are complementary to each other. The former represents the principle that all knowledge is a description of facts; the latter, that the world must be conceived as one inseparable and indivisible entirety.

The author discusses a great variety of subjects that do not always have any special relation to each other—except on his conception of Monism—and succeeds in producing a readable but very fragmentary and disjointed volume.

E. I. B.

Persian Life and Customs. With Scenes and Incidents of Residence and Travel in the Land of the Lion and the Sun. By the Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A., fifteen years a missionary in Persia. With map and illustrations. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.75.

Persia has been a land of strange romance and tradition for twenty-five centuries. It is a land concerning which very vague ideas are held. Mr. Wilson had special opportunities of studying the land and its people. The current interest in the Armenians and Kurds gives a special attraction to the chapters on these strange people. In 1880, in a Kurdish raid, twenty-seven Christian villages were pillaged, pretty much after the manner in vogue at present, and nine Protestant missions broken up. When the American college was attacked, the combined Union Jack and Stars and Stripes waved over the gates, and the British Consul championed the American missionaries. Would that a similiar union of the two nations would arrest the Armenian outrages and prove a pledge of peace throughout the East.

Mr. Wilson gives a very lucid account of the country, its people, customs, insti-

tutions, religious life and morals, social, domestic, and business relations, and a chapter on missions. Less than twenty miles of railway exist in the Empire. A Moslem was killed on the railway, and a mob destroyed the engine and stopped railway exploiting. Teheran, the capital, which has grown during this century from 15,000 to 210,000, gas and electric light are signs of modern progress. The Moslem "caste" is very haughty; a dirty street beggar will wash the alms of a Christian before accepting it. A nobleman, at a reception, gave his arm to a Christian lady, and had the sleeve of his coat taken out, washed and pressed to remove the contamination.

Family relations are embittered by polygamy. "A man's worst enemy is his wife," says a Persian proverb; and another, "the dog is faithful, the woman never." "There are dragons and scorpions in hell," said a molla, or priest, preaching in a mosque. "I have a worse hell on earth, my two wives." Not one in six children survives, and it is said not one in ten reaches maturity. There is much work for Christian missions here. The pictures of Persian types are exceedingly good, and an excellent map adds to the usefulness of the volume.

The Christ Dream. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D. Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 275. Price, $1.20. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a volume of twenty-four sermons, that takes its name from the first one, which is a Decoration Day address. In this memorial to the War of the Rebellion on the text, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," he makes the essential thought to be the coming of universal peace and brotherhood, the realization of the great dream of humanity. Through his different volumes of sermons and addresses Dr. Banks is most favourably known, and the present one will not lessen his reputation. It is not for reputation or money, however, that the true preacher publishes his discourses, but that he may reach a larger audience. Though the constituency may be principally among ministers, yet good service is rendered when suggestions and inspiration are furnished, and this Dr. Banks always does. His sermons are not commonplace homilies, but the live expression of a real heart message. A. M. P.

A Greek Lexicon to the New Testament. By W. GREENFIELD. Manilla, 25 cents. Boston, Mass.: H. L. Hastings. *Vocabulary of New Testament Words.* By OZRA STEARNS DAVIS. Paper, 25 cents. Hartford: Seminary Press. Here are two very useful publications for the reader of the New Testment. The "Lexicon" is in a small and convenient form, giving the various senses of all the words in English with reference to the passages. The mere learner or advanced student will find this a very handy and useful lexicon. The "Vocabulary" classifies the words according to roots, giving the number of times used by each author, with the simple English equivalents. It is arranged with a view to memorizing in order to sight-reading. It is especially adapted to students. N. B.

The following pamphlets have been received, but limits of space will not permit a review.

That Monster the Higher Criticism, and Biblical Inspiration. By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. New York: Anson S. F. F. Randolph & Co.

Revision of the Confession of Faith. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham.

The Christian's Duty; or, Why a Christian Should be a Church Member. A Symposium. Edited by REV. J. BERG ESENWEIN. Reading, Pa.: Frank J. Boyer. Price, 10c.

Altar and Ring. A Wedding-Day Souvenir. Compiled by REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK. Reading, Pa.: Frank J. Boyer. Price, 35c.

Sanctification. A Sermon by REV. A. STEWART, B.D., Professor in Wesley College, Winnipeg. Preached at the Manitoba and North-West Conference, and published by request. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 10c.

The Lord's Prayer. Illustrated. The Poem Translated from the Old German by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. Price, 25c.

New Light on the Old Prayer. By REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D., Professor in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Paper. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 15c.

Notice.—All books reviewed in these pages can be ordered through the Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist Church.

On the first Sunday in September, 651 ministers opened their commissions in new circuits. A Welsh church is to be built in Manchester, and the lease of the ground is unique, as it extends to 10,000 years. On a recent Sunday 12,000 persons attended the services of the Central Mission, Manchester.

Rev. Thomas Cook, the Conference evangelist, has returned from his eastern tour. In Ceylon, especially, his labours were greatly owned of God even when he had to preach through an interpreter.

Professor Beet is reported to have accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures next August, at the Ocean Grove School of Theology, on "The Aim, Correct Method, and Some Results of Doctrinal Theology." It is hoped that Professor Beet will favour Canada with a visit.

One of the great advantages of Methodist union in England, we think, would be the consolidating of the various publishing interests, and the issuing of periodicals of such commanding excellence that they would capture the patronage now largely given to secular periodicals. We think it the duty of the Church to furnish good reading as well as good preaching to its vast constituency.

A curiosity has been found in the vaults of the Book-Room, London, viz., about one hundred manuscript sheets containing Charles Wesley's hymns, all in the author's well-known handwriting.

Thirty-four of the mayors recently elected or re-elected by English cities and boroughs, including the re-elected Lord Mayor of Manchester, are Wesleyan Methodists. The majority of them are officials, local preachers, class-leaders or Sunday-school superintendents.

The Wesleyan, Free Methodist, and Bible Christian Churches in New Zealand are preparing for organic union, which it is hoped will be consummated in April, 1896. Hopes are entertained that the Primitive Methodists may also be induced to join the united Church.

In September eight missionaries went from England to missions in India and West Africa, and in October five others were sent to South Africa and the West Indies. Some were returning from their furlough, but most were commencing their missionary career.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Merrill, in his short address at the reception of the Church Extension Board, said there were more Methodist churches in Chicago than in any other city in the world. This was news to many.

A new church for the Bohemian work in Chicago is about to be erected. There are 30,000 Bohemians in the locality where the church is to be built.

Fifty-one of the annual conferences are west of the Mississippi River. All this work has arisen in the lifetime of Methodist preachers who are not over sixty-five years of age.

At the session of the Mexico Conference, under Bishop Joyce's ministrations, a revival commenced, and twenty-seven belonging to the orphanage were converted. Soon after Moody and Sankey conducted revival services in Mexico.

A Corean woman, instructed by the Methodist missionaries in Seoul, is now in the United States studying medicine, hoping to become fitted and return as a medical missionary.

One of the secretaries of the Church of England Missionary Society in a recent public meeting stated that he had visited India, and declared that the Methodist Episcopal Mission in that country was second to no other that he knew, and he claimed a world-wide acquaintance with missions.

Garrett Biblical Institute has received a very valuable present from William Deering. It is a clay medallion of John and Charles Wesley, by Acton Adams. It is the original model of the marble copy in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Willing has been sending good literature to Methodist pastors who have families to support on $300 a year and less. Her list has numbered as many as six hundred.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has sent to the foreign field within the past four years sixty-nine missionaries.

A union is likely to be effected between the missions of the Wesleyan and the Methodist Episcopal Churches in Germany.

Dr. Patton, the successful missionary in the New Hebrides who visited Canada a few years ago, has secured the missionary ship for which he begged so earnestly.

The state of the country in which some of the missions are situated is very sad. One, speaking respecting Nebraska Conference, said: "In one entire county all the pastors left but one, and he was a Methodist. The drouth had caused the others to flee. The people are in great need." Speaking of Florida, Bishop Fowler said: "The preachers are going about in the midst of the ruin of all their hopes—blighted by the frost-ruined orange crop—and trying to build up God's kingdom."

Methodist Church.

Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley are having wonderful success in the Maritime Provinces. At Fredericton six hundred signified their desire to lead a new life. Of these some two hundred gave their names as adherents to the Methodist Church. The remaining four hundred belong to the other Protestant Churches, and some to the Roman Catholic Church.

Rev. W. H. Rodwell and Mr. J. M. Whyte (of the Whyte Brothers) have prosecuted a successful campaign at Euclid Avenue Church, Toronto.

The Missionary Executive Board recently met and decided not to appoint a successor to fill the position of the late Rev. Dr. Shaw for the present. Mr. Shannon, the accountant, with Rev. Dr. Sutherland, will assume the duties. The members were glad to learn that Dr. Macdonald had signified his willingness to continue to discharge the important duties of Secretary-Treasurer in connection with the Japan Mission. The Committee decided to postpone the consideration of the matter of a Girls' School at Liberia until another meeting.

Gratifying intelligence was received from Dr. Hart, in China, who has gone to Chung-King to aid in the settlement of matters connected with the riots in the Province of Sz-Chuen. The mission will be reopened at the earliest possible date.

Albert College new buildings will have been opened by the time this month's issue is in the hands of our readers.

The Woman's Missionary Society is on the alert. Miss Laura Wigle, of Essex, Ontario, and Miss Blackmore, of Truro, Nova Scotia, have sailed to Japan to reinforce the overburdened sisters in that field.

The new Frances Hall of the Ontario Ladies' College was opened December 16th. The College was never so well equipped for its important duties as at present.

Rev. Dr. Cornish has completed the MSS. of his Cyclopædia. He wants a few more names of subscribers before he goes to press. More than three hundred ministers have died since the former edition was published.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Trustees' Insurance Fund has had a year of great progress. The income is $3,135. The profits have enabled $1,165 to go to the relief of church trusts, which makes a total of $26,975 in addition to the Guarantee Fund. Trustees who support the Insurance Fund have the satisfaction of knowing that its profits go to the relief of their own property.

Primitive Methodist.

Lord Armstrong has offered a site for the erection of a church, and during its erection will allow the services to be conducted in the castle. The Duke of Northumberland and the Squire of Craster have also granted sites for churches.

The Church of the Saviour, at Birmingham, so long associated with the ministry of the late Mr. George Dawson, has been purchased, and will be the centre of a great "Forward Movement."

Better training has been secured for the ministry. Probationers will remain at college three years, instead of two as hitherto. The college at Manchester will be enlarged at a cost of $50,000, which will be defrayed by Mr. Hartley.

The Armenian Martyrs.

It must be remembered that the Armenian Christians are massacred on account of their religion. They are offered the alternative to embrace Islam or be slain. To their credit be it said, few prove recreant to their faith. At Harpoot the pastor and his flock were put to death together, the Armenian church was turned into a mosque, and the Protestant Mission into a stable.

Probably as many have thus suffered martyrdom as during any of the ten persecutions of the first three centuries, when in the same land the Armenian Church in like manner bore witness for Jesus. Yet, "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church." "*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.*" The noble army of martyrs still praise God and cry: "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

Recent Deaths.

Rev. John Schulte, Ph.D., D.D., of St. Thomas, died in December. He was a native of Westphalia, Germany, and was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. He was sent as a missionary to Nova Scotia, where he joined the Anglican Church, and soon after settled in Ontario under Bishop Cronyn. In various parishes he laboured with great zeal, and was greatly beloved by all classes. As might be expected, he was a great friend of the Bible Society and was always ready to help the agents at their meetings. The good man was an author of more than ordinary ability. His "Roman Catholicism" was probably the best known of all his literary productions.

Bishop Alexander W. Wayman, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, dropped dead in his house at Baltimore, November 30th. He was a native of Maryland, and was born in 1821. He was the author of several volumes.

Rev. John Miley, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Seminary, died December 11th, 1895. He was professor since 1872, and had attained the age of 82. For fifty-seven years he was connected with the Methodist itinerancy, including his professorship. As a minister he ranked high, though he never sought prominent places, and even refused to accept some which were offered him. He was regarded as a sound Methodist theologian. His works form a valuable accession to theological standards. For some time his health was gradually failing; but he would not give up his beloved employment, in which he was justly revered. His book on the Atonement cost him ten years of studious labour. His end was peace.

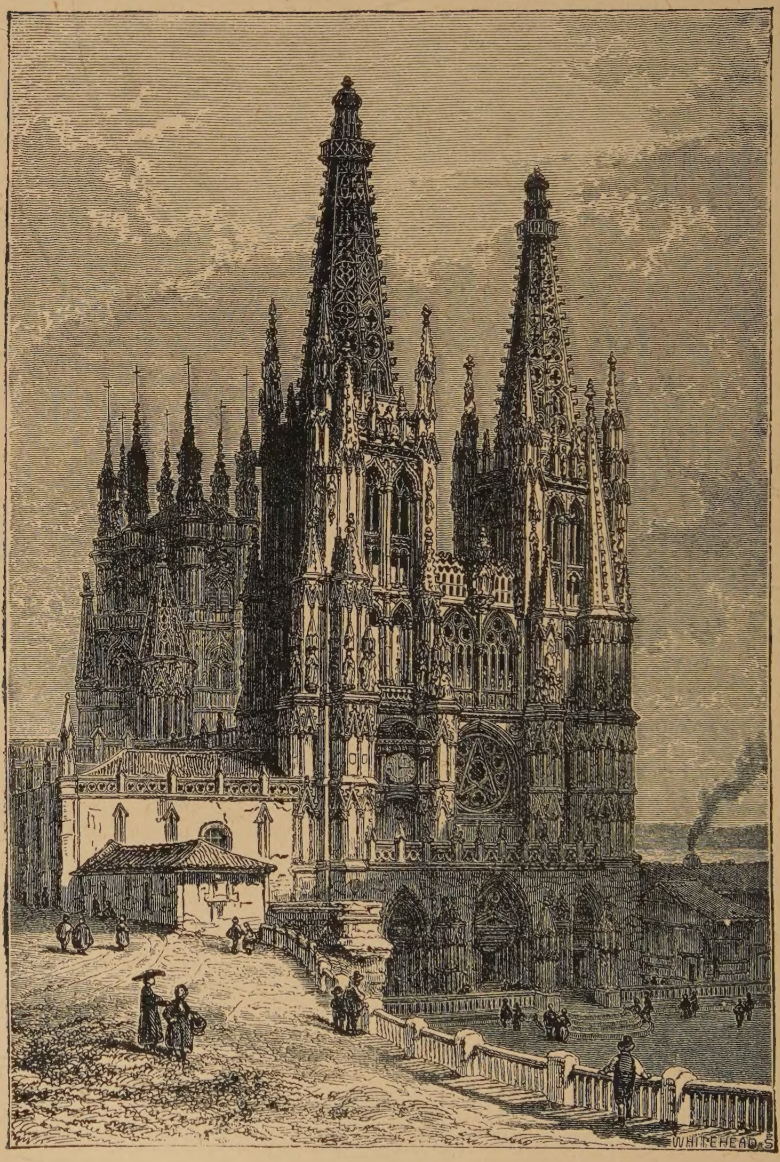
Rev. James Whiting, of the London Conference, died December the 19th at Forest. He dropped dead in his own house. He was an earnest and faithful Methodist minister, who was successful in his ministry, which extended over thirty years. His venerable brother Richard, and his own son Richard, survive him. The son is also a member of the London Conference. His sudden death was a great shock to the community where he resided. His end was a translation rather than a death. To him sudden death was sudden glory.

Rev. Peter Mackenzie died in November after being a Wesleyan minister thirty-six years. He was an extraordinary man, a native of the county of Northumberland, where he was compelled literally to earn bread by the sweat of his brow. He was not converted until he attained to manhood. When working at Haswell Colliery he received his call to the ministry, and soon became much sought for. During his active ministry he was distinguished as an evangelist. He became famous as a lecturer. He accomplished great things financially, and seldom was a single night free from duty, besides preaching twice on Sabbaths, and usually in the afternoons of the week-days. On the morning on which he died he said, "I have been making a sermon on 'Seeing the King in His beauty,'" and just before he passed away he pronounced the Apostolic Benediction.

On December 28th, passed away in her 85th year, one of the oldest Methodists in the Dominion, Mrs. Wilkes, of Toronto. She was the mother of the late Robert Wilkes, and was for many years a leading spirit in the New Connexion Church of this city.

PERSISTENCE.

Slow fell the pearly drops from out the fountain's brimming bowl
Upon the stone below,
And none gave heed; but when the years had brought appointed dole
To men, of weal or woe,
And on the churchyard's mossy slabs their carven names were dim,
Lo, in the granite gray,
A pool where swallows bathed, beneath the laughing fountain's rim,
The stone was worn away.



CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS, SPAIN.